

*History*

THE  
**CABINET OF GENIUS**  
containing  
**FRONTISPIECES and CHARACTERS**  
adapted to  
*the most POPULAR POEMS, &c.*  
*with the Poems &c at large.*



L O N D O N,

*Printed for C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*





# LIST OF THE SUBJECTS

COMPOSING THE SECOND VOLUME OF

## THE CABINET OF GENIUS:

With the AUTHORS from whom they are selected.

AUTHORS.	SUBJECTS.	PUBLISHED IN NUMB.
GRAY.	NATURE'S GIFTS to SHAKES- PEARE,	} from Progress of Poetry XXXI.
GAY.	The ROSE,	from the Poet and Rose XXIII.
	CUPID, PLUTUS, TIME,	} from Gay's Fables - XXIV. XXV.
	PARENTAL FONDNESS,	from ditto - - XXX.
	The PERSIAN,	from ditto - - XXXV.
STERNE.	The CAPTIVE,	{ from the Sentimental } XXIII. Journey
ANONYMOUS.	The MENDICANT,	from Enfield's Speaker XXV.
	The DOVE,	from the Dove, a Song XXXV.
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SHENSTONE.	QUEEN ELIZABETH,	{ from the Princess Eli- } XXXIV. zabeth's Complaint.
DRYDEN.	St. CECILIA, TIMOTHEUS,	{ from the Ode on St. } XXVI. Cecilia's Day
MALLET.	EDWIN, EMMA,	} from Edwin and Emma XXVII.
	WILLIAM, MARGARET,	{ from William and } XXXIII. Margaret, a Poem
EVANS'S OLD BALLADS.	ELLA Dancing, ELLA in Despair,	} from Allen and Ella XXVIII.
SAVAGE.	MIRTH, HEALTH,	{ from Verses on the Reco- } XXIX. very of Lady Tyrconnel
MASON.	INDEPENDENCE,	from Ode to Independence XXX.
	CONTENT,	from a Chorus in Elfrida XXXIX.
CUNNINGHAM.	Love and Beauty,	from Melody - - XXXIX.

# LIST OF THE SUBJECTS.

AUTHORS.	SUBJECTS,	PUBLISHED IN NUMB.
Attributed to SHAKESPEARE	INVITATION, REPLY, IMOGEN, JACHIMO,	{ from the Passionate Shep- herd to his Love, and the Nymph's Reply } XXXII.
ROBERT BURNS.	The LAMENT,	{ from Cymbeline } XXXVII.
ANDREW MARVEL.	{ The WOUNDED FAWN,	{ from the Deluded } XXXIV.
DR. DOUGLAS.	The WANDERING NYMPH, EUPHROSYNE,	{ from the Wounded } XXXIV. Fawn, a Poem } from Comus - - XXXIV. from ditto - - XXXVIII.
DIBDIN.	The SPINNING WHEEL,	{ from the Spinning } XXXVIII. Wheel, a Song }
PRIOR.	{ SAUNTERING JACK, IDLE JOAN,	{ from the Epitaph - - XL.

## TWO SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBERS, Viz.

MILTON.	MORNING, EVENING,	{ from L'Allegro
GOLDSMITH.	EDWIN and ANGELINA, ANGELINA and EDWIN,	{ from the Ballad of Edwin and Angelina; or, the Hermit.

## MISCELLANIES.

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The Happy Resemblance	I.
The Fountain of Love	II.
The Sleeping Fair	III.
The Sacrifice to Love	X.
Beware	XII.
Love Liberated	XIV.
Cupid in Thought	IV.
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## LANDSCAPES.

The Country Cott	I.
The Verdant Bank	II.
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View of St. Trennian's	X.
Richmond Castle	VII.
Bolton Castle	
Water-fall on the River Eure	XIX.
Second Water-fall on the River Eure	XIX.



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*S. Shelley pinx<sup>t</sup>*

*W. Nutter sculp<sup>t</sup>*

NATURE'S GIFTS TO SHAKSPEARE.

*London, Publish'd April 1. 1789, by C. Taylor, N<sup>o</sup> 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



THE PROGRESS OF POESY:  
THE  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War

P I N D A R I C O D E.

**A**WAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:  
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:  
Now rolling down the steep again,  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,  
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.

A

On

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.  
 Perching on the sceptred hand  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
 On Cytherea's day  
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures,  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet:  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:  
 Where-e'er she turns the Graces homage pay.  
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.  
 Man's

Man's feeble race what ills await!  
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky;  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,  
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.  
 And oft beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet  
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.  
 Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,  
 The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Egean deep,

Fields,



Fields, that cool Iliffus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breath'd around;  
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the fun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;

Of

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of th' abyfs. to spy.  
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:  
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,  
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two courfers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding  
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,  
Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—  
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban Eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air:

Yet

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.







*S. Shelley sculp.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

THE ROSE.

*London, Published Aug. 1. 1788, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.*

P O E T   A N D   T H E   R O S E ,

A F A B L E .

By Mr. G A Y.

**I** HATE the man who builds his name  
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,  
Imagine that they raise their own.

Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,  
Think slander can transplant the bays.

Beauties and bards have equal pride,  
With both all rivals are decry'd.

Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,  
Must call her sister awkward creature;

For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,  
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day  
A Poet fought the sweets of May,  
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,  
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends:

A Rose



A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,  
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd :

Go, Rose, my CHLOE's bosom grace ;  
How happy should I prove,  
Might I supply that envy'd place  
With never-fading love !  
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,  
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die,

Know, hapless flower ! that thou shalt find  
More fragrant roses there ;  
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
With envy and despair !  
One common fate we both must prove ;  
You die with envy, I with love,

Spare your comparisons, reply'd  
An angry Rose, who grew beside.  
Of all mankind you should not flout us ;  
What can a Poet do without us ?  
In ev'ry love-song Roses bloom ;  
We lend you colour and perfume :  
Does it to CHLOE's charms conduce,  
To found her praise on our abuse ?  
Must we, to flatter her, be made  
To wither, envy, pine, and fade ?





CUPID.

*London, Publish'd Sep: 1788 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street Holborn.*



## PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

**O**F all the burthens man must bear,  
Time seems most galling and severe;  
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,  
We daily meet some friend distress'd.

What can one do? I rose at nine;  
'Tis full six hours before we dine:  
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!  
Would I had doz'd in bed till two.

A pamphlet is before him spread,  
And almost half a page is read;  
Tir'd with the study of the day,  
The flutt'ring sheets are toss'd away.  
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,  
Then yawns and stretches in his chair,

Not twenty, by the minute hand!  
Good Gods! says he, my watch must stand!  
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!  
I thought I'd read an hour or more.  
The morning, of all hours, I hate.  
One can't contrive to rise too late.

To make the minutes faster run,  
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,

To the next coffee-house he speeds,  
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.  
Saunt'ring, from chair to chair he trails;  
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.  
He spies a partner of his woe;  
By chat afflictions lighter grow;  
Each other's grievances they share,  
And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says TOM, Since all men must confess,  
That Time lies heavy, more or less,  
Why should it be so hard to get,  
Till two, a party at Piquet?  
Play might relieve the lagging morn:  
By cards long wintry nights are borne,  
Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,  
Night after night, throughout the year?  
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play  
They cheat uncounted hours away.

My case, says WILL, then must be hard,  
By want of skill from play debarr'd.  
Courtiers kill Time by various ways;  
Dependance wears out half their days.  
How happy these, whose Time ne'er stands!  
Attendance takes it off their hands.  
Were it not for this cursed show'r,  
The Park had whil'd away an hour.  
At court, without or place or view,  
I daily lose an hour or two.  
It fully answers my design,  
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;

The tavern makes our burden light;  
 Wine puts our time and care to flight.  
 At fix (hard case!) they call to pay:  
 Where can one go? I hate the play.  
 From fix till ten! unless in sleep,  
 One cannot spend the hours so cheap.  
 The comedy's no sooner done,  
 But some assembly is begun;  
 Loit'ring from room to room I stray,  
 Converse, but nothing hear or say:  
 Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.  
 So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.  
 From thence, to quicken flow-pac'd Night,  
 Again my tavern friends invite:  
 Here, too, our early mornings pass,  
 Till drowsy sleep retard the glass.

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,  
 And make each other's case their own.

Consider, Friends, no hour rolls on  
 But something of your grief is gone.  
 Were you to schemes of bus'ness bred,  
 Did you the paths of learning tread,  
 Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;  
 You'd then regret the minute past.  
 Time's fugitive and light as wind:  
 'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:  
 That load from off your spirits shake,  
 You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.  
 Awhile your thoughtless spleen suspend,  
 Then read, and (if you can) attend.



40 PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME;

As PLUTUS, to divert his care,  
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,  
CUPID o'ertook his strutting pace.  
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,  
Till recollection set 'em right,  
For each knew th' other but by sight.  
After some complimentary talk,  
TIME met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk,  
Their chat on various subjects ran,  
But most, what each had done for man,  
PLUTUS assumes a haughty air,  
Just like our purse-proud fellows here,  
Let kings (says he), let cobblers tell,  
Whose gifts among mankind excel.  
Consider courts; what draws their train?  
Think you 'tis loyalty, or gain?  
That statesman hath the strongest hold,  
Whose tool of politics is gold;  
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,  
The knave in power hath senates led;  
By that alone he sway'd debates,  
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.  
Forego your boast. You must conclude  
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.  
Think, too, in what a woeful plight  
That wretch must live whose pocket's light,  
Are not his hours by want deprest?  
Penurious care corrodes his breast.  
Without respect, or love, or friends,  
His solitary day descends.



*J. Bailey pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

PLUTUS.

*London, Publish'd Sep. 1<sup>st</sup> 1788 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*





You might, says CUPID, doubt my parts,  
 My knowledge, too, in human hearts,  
 Should I the pow'r of gold dispute,  
 Which great examples might confute.  
 I know when nothing else prevails,  
 Persuasive money seldom fails;  
 That beauty, too, (like other wares)  
 Its price, as well as conscience, bears.  
 Then marriage (as of late profess)  
 Is but a money-job at best.  
 Consent, compliance may be sold;  
 But love's beyond the price of gold.  
 Smugglers there are who, by retail,  
 Expose what they call Love to sale;  
 Such bargains are an arrant cheat:  
 You purchase flattery and deceit.  
 Those who true love have ever try'd,  
 (The common cares of life supply'd)  
 No wants endure, no wishes make,  
 But ev'ry real joy partake.  
 All comfort on themselves depends;  
 They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends,  
 Love, then, hath ev'ry bliss in store;  
 'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.  
 Each other ev'ry wish they give:  
 Not to know love is not to live.

Or Love or Money, (TIME reply'd)  
 Were men the question to decide,  
 Would bear the prize: on both intent,  
 My boon's neglected or mispent.

'Tis I who measure vital space,  
 And deal out years to human race.  
 Tho' little priz'd, and seldom fought,  
 Without me love and gold are nought.  
 How does the miser time employ?  
 Did I e'er see him life enjoy?  
 By me forsook, the hoards he won  
 Are scatter'd by his lavish son.  
 By me all useful arts are gain'd;  
 Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.  
 Who then would think (since such my pow'r)  
 That e'er I knew an idle hour?  
 So subtle and so swift I fly,  
 Love's not more fugitive than I.  
 Who hath not heard coquettes complain  
 Of days, months, years, mispent in vain?  
 For time misus'd they pine and waste,  
 And Love's sweet pleasures never taste.  
 Those who direct their time aright,  
 If love or wealth their hopes excite,  
 In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,  
 And both by time have been enjoy'd.  
 How heedless then are mortals grown!  
 How little is their int'rest known!  
 In ev'ry view they ought to mind me,  
 For when once lost they never find me.  
 He spoke. The gods no more contest,  
 And his superior gift confest,  
 That time (when truly understood)  
 Is the most precious earthly good.



J. Shelley pinx.

A. Kneller sculp.

T I M E .

London, Published Oct: 1. 1788 by C Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Chancery Street, Holborn









*J. Bailey pinx.*

*W. H. W. sculp.*

PARENTAL FONDNESS.

*London, Publish'd March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 20 near Castle Street Holborn.*



PARENTAL FONDNESS:

THE MOTHER, NURSE, AND FAIRY.

**G**IVE me a son. The blessing sent,  
Were ever parents more content!  
How partial are their doating eyes!  
No child is half so fair and wife.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,  
The mother rose, and sought her heir.  
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,  
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

Sure some disaster has befall:  
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame;  
Invisible the Fairy came:  
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,  
And in the place a changeling laid.

B

Where

Where are the father's mouth and nose,  
The mother's eyes, as black as floes?  
See here, a flocking aukward creature,  
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries;  
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!  
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a Pigmy Sprite  
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;  
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,  
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,  
That we the world with fools supply?  
What! give our sprightly race away,  
For the dull helpless sons of clay!  
Besides, by partial fondness shown,  
Like you we doat upon our own.  
Where yet was ever found a mother,  
Who'd give her booby for another?  
And should we change with human breed,  
Well might we pass for fools indeed.







*S. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

The PERSIAN.

*London, Publish'd Aug. 1, 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup>. 10 near Cytile Street, Holborn.*

T H E  
P E R S I A N, T H E S U N, A N D T H E C L O U D.

A F A B L E.

B Y M R. G A Y.

**I**S there a bard whom genius fires,  
Whose ev'ry thought the god inspires?  
When Envy reads the nervous lines,  
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;  
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;  
She calls her venal train from hell:  
The servile fiends her nod obey,  
And all CURL'S authors are in pay.  
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:  
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of Day,  
With heart devout, a Persian lay,  
His invocation thus begun:

Parent of Light! all-seeing Sun!  
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense  
The various gifts of Providence,

Accept

Accept our praise, our daily prayer,  
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,  
The day with sudden darkness hung ;  
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud  
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud.

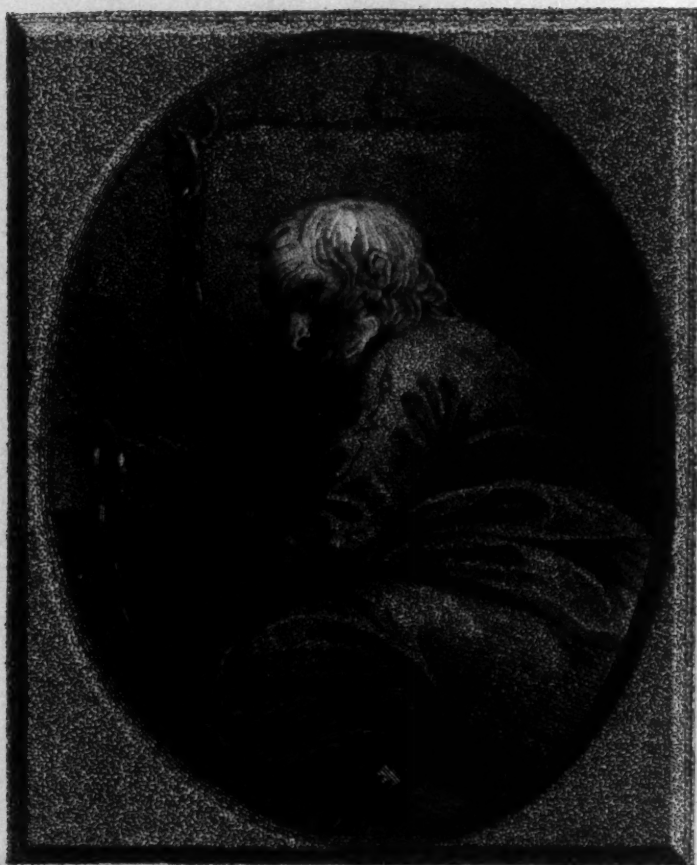
Weak is this gaudy God of thine,  
Whom I at will forbid to shine.  
Shall I nor vows nor incense know ?  
Where praise is due the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,  
Thus the proud Calumny reprov'd.  
It was that God who claims my pray'r  
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there ;  
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,  
Thy substance is but plainer shown :  
A passing gale, a puff of wind,  
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd,

The gale arose ; the vapour tost  
(The sport of winds) in air was lost ;  
The glorious orb the day refines.  
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.







*J. Shelley pinx<sup>t</sup>*

*C. Taylor sculp<sup>t</sup>*

THE CAPTIVE.

*London, Published Aug. 1, 1788, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.*

[ 2 ]  
T H E

C A P T I V E.

By Mr. STERNE.

I WAS going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time

—nor



—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice:—his children——

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn——

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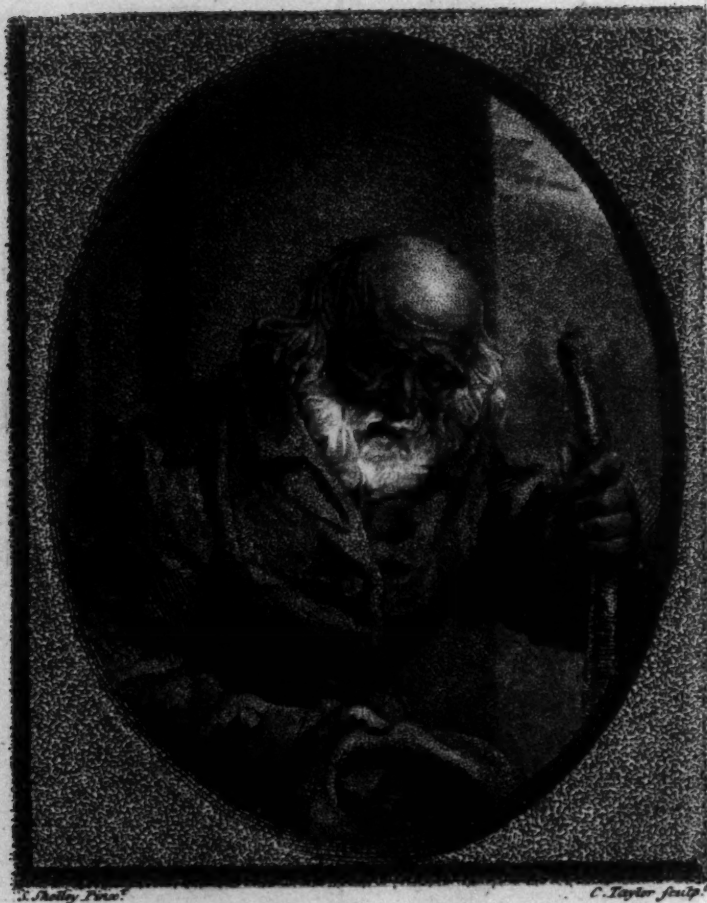
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*J. Bailey Pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

# THE MENDICANT.

*London, Published Oct. 1. 1788 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Oyle Street, Holborn.*



## M E N D I C A N T.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!  
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity would not be represt.

Heave-

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?  
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.







*J. Shelley pinxit*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

THE DOVE.

*London, Publish'd Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> 1789, by C. Taylor, N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*





*J. Shuter pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

QUEEN ISABELLA.

*London, Publish'd April 1. 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



DOUBLLA,

Queen of King RICHARD II. beholding the triumphant Entry of his Rival HENRY BOLINGBROKE; who had taken the King Prisoner.

[FROM AN ANCIENT POEM.]

**F**AIR ISABELLA, longing to behold  
Her long-miss'd love, in fearful jeopardies;  
To whom, although it had in part been told  
Of their proceeding, and of his surprise;  
Yet, thinking they would never be so bold  
To lead their Lord in any shameful wife,  
But rather would conduct him like their King,  
(As seeking but the State's re-ordering)

Abroad she looks; and notes the foremost train—  
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there;  
Seeing the Chief not come—stays—looks again;  
And yet she sees not him that should appear:  
Then back she stands, and then desires as fain  
Again to look, to see if he were near:  
At length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies,  
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries,

'Lo! yonder now, at length he comes,' saith she:  
'Look, my good women, where he is in sight!  
Do you not see him yonder? That is he,  
Mounted on that white courser, all in white.

A

There!

There! where the thronging troops of people be;  
 I know him by his seat, he sits upright:  
 Lo, now he bows! dear Lord! with what sweet grace!  
 How long have I long'd to behold that face!

'O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!  
 I doubt me, when he comes but something near,  
 I shall set wide the window. What care I  
 Who doth see me, so him I may see clear?'  
 Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully  
 (Sweet Lady!) in the thing she held so dear:  
 For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook;  
 And him she mark'd was HENRY BOLINGBROKE.

Then Envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,  
 Where Sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat;  
 And words of wrath, from whence complaints should rise,  
 Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:  
 'Traitor!' saith she; 'is't thou, that in this wise,  
 To brave thy Lord and King, art made so great?'  
 And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong  
 To look on thee? For this staid I so long?

'Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?  
 Well; for their error I will weep them out,  
 And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe,  
 And loath the mind, that gave me not to doubt.

What!

What! have I added shame unto my woe?  
I'll look no more: Ladies! look you about,  
And tell me if my Lord be in this train;  
Lest my betraying eyes should err again.'

And in this passion turns herself away:—  
The rest look all, and careful note each wight;  
While she, impatient of the least delay,  
Demands again; 'And what, not yet in sight?  
Where is my Lord? What, gone some other way?  
I muse at this. O God! grant all go right!  
Then to the window goes again at last,  
And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

And sees not him her soul desired to see:  
And yet Hope, spent, makes her not leave to look.  
At last, her love-quick eyes, which ready be,  
Fastens on one; whom tho' she never took  
Could be her Lord, yet that sad cheer which he  
Then shew'd, his habit, and his woeful look,  
The grace he doth in base attire retain,  
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

'What might he be,' she said, 'that thus alone  
Rides pensive in this universal joy?  
Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan;  
All are not pleas'd with every thing this day.  
It may be, he laments the wrong is done  
Unto my Lord; and grieves, as well he may.

Then



Then he is some of ours; and we, of right,  
Must pity him, who pities our sad plight.

‘But stay! is’t not my Lord himself I see?  
In truth, if ’twere not for his base array,  
I verily should think that it were he;  
And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray—  
Yet God forbid! let me deceived be!  
And be it not my Lord! although it may!  
Let my desire make vows against desire!  
And let my sight approve my sight a liar!

‘Let me but see him, like himself! a King;  
For so he left me; so he did remove.  
This is not he, this feels some other thing;  
A passion of dislike, or else of love!  
O yes! ’tis he! that princely face doth bring  
The evidence of majesty to prove:  
That face, I have conferr’d, which now I see,  
With that within my heart, and they agree!’

Thus as she stood, assur’d, and yet in doubt;  
Wishing to see, what seen she griev’d to see;  
Having belief, yet fain would be without;  
Knowing, yet striving not to know ’twas he:  
Her heart relenting, yet her heart so stout  
As would not yield to think what was, could be:  
Till, quite condemn’d by open proof of sight,  
She must confess; or else deny the light.

For, whether love in him did sympathise,  
Or chance so wrought, to manifest her doubt,  
E'en just before, where she thus secret pries,  
He stays, and, with clear face, looks all about;  
When she, ' 'Tis, oh, too true! I know his eyes!  
Alas, it is my own dear Lord!' cries out;  
And, with that cry, sinks down upon the floor.  
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Then, like a torrent had been stopt before,  
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow;  
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,  
The true intelligence of grief to show.  
Sighs hinder'd words: words perish'd in their store:  
Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.  
One would do all: the other, more than's part;  
Both being equal agents, from the heart.

'What!' (intermixing words and tears) said she,  
'Are these the triumph for thy victories?  
Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,  
From that unhappy Irish enterprize?  
And have I made so many vows to see  
Thy safe return, and see thee in this wife?  
Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring?  
To come a Captive, that went out a King?

'And yet, dear Lord! tho' thy ungrateful land  
Hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy part:

I do

I do remain the same; under thy hand  
 Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart.  
 If all be lost, that government doth stand;  
 And that shall never from thy rule depart:  
 And so thou be, I care not how thou be:  
 Let greatness go, so it go without thee!

' And welcome come, how-so unfortunate!  
 I will applaud what others do despise:  
 I love thee for thy self, not for thy state:  
 More than thyself, is what without thee lies:  
 Let that more go, if it be in thy fate!  
 And having but thyself, it will suffice:  
 I married was not to thy crown, but thee;  
 And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

' But what do I here lurking idly, moan  
 And wail apart, and in a single part  
 Make several grief? which should be both in one,  
 The touch being equal of each other's heart.  
 Ah, no! sweet Lord! thou must not moan alone;  
 For, without me, thou art not all thou art;  
 Nor my tears, without thine, are fully tears:  
 Full sorrow in our mingled griefs appears.—  
 No: I will cheer thy state; and thou shalt find  
 Thy loving Queen maintains a royal mind.

' And yet, dear Lord! thy magnanimity  
 Hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy part:







*J. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

*London, Published July 1<sup>st</sup> 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> near Castle Street, Holborn.*

# COMPLAINT OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

WHEN PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK, 1554.

By W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

**W**ILL you hear how once repining  
Great ELIZA captive lay ;  
Each ambitious thought resigning,  
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway ?

While the nymphs and swains delighted,  
Tript around in all their pride ;  
Envyng joys by others slighted,  
Thus the royal maiden cry'd :

“ Bred on plains, or born in vallies,  
“ Who would bid those scenes adieu ?  
“ Stranger to the arts of malice,  
“ Who would ever courts pursue ?

“ Malice never taught to treasure,  
“ Censure never taught to bear ;  
“ Love is all the shepherd's pleasure ;  
“ Love is all the damsel's care.

“ How can those of humble station  
“ Vainly blame the powers above ?  
“ Or accuse the dispensation  
“ Which allows them all to love ?

“ Love like air is widely given ;  
“ Pow'r nor chance can these restrain ;  
“ Truest, noblest gifts of Heaven !  
“ Only purest on the plain !



2 COMPLAINT OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH:

"Peers can no such charms discover,  
"All in stars and garters drest,  
"As on Sundays, does the lover  
"With his nosegay on his breast.

"Pinks and roses in profusion,  
"Said to fade, when Chloe's near;  
"Fops may use the same allusion;—  
"But the shepherd is sincere.

"Hark to yonder milk-maid singing  
"Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;  
"Cowslips all around her springing,  
"Sweetly paint the golden vale.

"Never yet did courtly maiden  
"Move so sprightly, look so fair;  
"Never breast with jewels laden  
"Pour a song so void of care.

"Would indulgent Heav'n had granted  
"Me some rural damsel's part!  
"All the empire I had wanted  
"Then had been my shepherd's heart.

"Then with him o'er hills and mountains,  
"Free from fetters, might I rove:  
"Fearless taste the crystal fountains;  
"Peaceful sleep beneath the grove!

"Rustics had been more forgiving;  
"Partial to my virgin bloom:  
"None had envy'd me when living;  
"None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."





S<sup>T</sup> CECILIA.

*London, Published Nov<sup>r</sup> 2, 1788 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



# ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

An ODE for St. CECILIA's DAY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

**T**WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,

By PHILIP's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state

The god-like hero fate

On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

The lovely THAIS by his side,

Sate like a blooming eastern bride,

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

TIMO-

## II.

TIMOTHEUS plac'd on high  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)  
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God :  
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
 When he to fair OLYMPIA press'd,  
 And while he sought her snowy breast :  
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;  
 A present deity, they shout around,  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :  
 With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the God,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

## III.

The praise of BACCHUS then, the sweet musician sung ;  
 Of BACCHUS ever fair, and ever young :  
 The jolly God in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shews his honest face,

Now

Now gives the hautboys breath ; He comes, he comes,

BACCHUS, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain :

BACCHUS' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure ;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

#### IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain,

The master saw the madness rise ;

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;

And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,

Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He sung DARIUS great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n from his high estate,

And weltring in his blood :

Deserted at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With



With down-cast looks the joyless victor fate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of chance below ;  
 And, now and then a sigh he stole ;  
 And tears began to flow.

## V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour but an empty bubble.  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying,  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.  
 Lovely THAIS fits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So love was crown'd, but musick won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gaz'd on the fair  
 Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

## VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head,

As awak'd from the dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, TIMOTHEUS cries,

See the Furies arise,

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand ;

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain ;

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile Gods !

The

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;  
     THAIS led the way,  
     To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another HELEN, fired another Troy.

## VII.

Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
     While organs yet were mute ;  
 TIMOTHEUS to his breathing flute  
     And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
     At last divine CECILIA came,  
     Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
     Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
     And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
     Let old TIMOTHEUS yield the prize,  
     Or both divide the crown :  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;  
     She drew an angel down.





*J. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

TIMOTHEUS.

*London, Published Nov. 1. 1788 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street Holborn.*









*S. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

EDWIN.

*London, Publish'd Dec. 11, 1788 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

## EDWIN AND EMMA.

**F**AR in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a sheltering wood,  
The safe retreat of health and peace,  
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair  
Beneath a mother's eye;  
Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her bless'd, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads  
Gave colour to her cheek;  
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,  
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains:  
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,  
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair;  
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,  
A soul devoid of art;  
And from whose eye, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;  
 Was quickly too reveal'd :  
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,  
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss  
 Did Love on both bestow !  
 But bliss too mighty long to last,  
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,  
 Like her in mischief joy'd,  
 To work their harm, with wicked skill,  
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,  
 Who love nor pity knew,  
 Was all unfeeling as the clod  
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
 And seen it long unmov'd :  
 Then with a father's frown at last  
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart, a war  
 Of differing passions strove :  
 His heart, that durst not disobey,  
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind  
 The spreading hawthorn crept,  
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
 Where EMMA walk'd and wept.



Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,  
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,  
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
 The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
 A deadly pale o'ercast:  
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
 Hung o'er his dying bed;  
 And weary'd Heaven with fruitless vows,  
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls  
 Sweet mercy yet can move,  
 Let these dim eyes once more behold,  
 What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
 And bath'd with many a tear:  
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,  
 So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,  
 A cruel sister she!  
 Forbad what EMMA came to say;  
 "My EDWIN live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
 The church-yard path along,  
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
 Her lover's funeral song.

Amid

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
 Her startling fancy found  
 In every bush his hovering shade,  
 His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
 The visionary vale——  
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
 Sad founding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,  
 Her aged mother's door——  
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see  
 That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
 Beat high against my side——  
 From her white arm down sunk her head;  
 She shivering sigh'd and dy'd.



*Leachy pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

EMMA.

*London, Published Dec: 1. 1788, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*









WILLIAM.

*London, Publish'd June 2, 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



W I L L I A M

A N D

M A R G A R E T.

A P O E M.

By DAVID MALLET.

I.

**T**WAS at the silent solemn hour  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided MARG'RET's grimly ghost,  
And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April morn  
Clad in a wintry cloud,  
And clay-cold was her lily hand  
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear  
When Death has reft their crown.

A

Her

## IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r  
That sips the silver dew ;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

## V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime :  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;  
She dy'd before her time.

## VI.

" Awake !" she cry'd, " thy true love calls,  
" Come from her midnight grave ;  
" Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
" Thy love refus'd to save.

## VII.

" This is the dumb and dreary hour  
" When injur'd ghosts complain,  
" When yawning graves give up their dead  
" To haunt the faithless swain.

## VIII.

" Bethink thee, WILLIAM! of thy fault,  
" Thy pledge and broken oath,  
" And give me back my maiden vow,  
" And give me back my troth.

" Why

## X.

“ Why did you promise love to me,  
“ And not that promise keep ?  
“ Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
“ Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

## X.

“ How could you say my face was fair,  
“ And yet that face forsake ?  
“ How could you win my virgin heart,  
“ Yet leave that heart to break ?

## XI.

“ Why did you say my lip was sweet.  
“ And made the scarlet pale ?  
“ And why did I, young witless maid !  
“ Believe the flatt’ring tale ?

## XII.

“ That face, alas ! no more is fair,  
“ Those lips no longer red :  
“ Dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death,  
“ And ev’ry charm is fled.

## XIII.

“ The hungry worm my sifter is ;  
“ This winding sheet I wear ;  
“ And cold and weary lasts our night,  
“ Till that last morn appear.

“ But



## XIV.

" But, hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence  
" A long and late adieu !  
" Come see, false man, how low she lies  
" Who dy'd for love of you.

## XV.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd  
With beams of rosy red ;  
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in ev'ry limb,  
And raving left his bed.

## XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place  
Where MARG'RET'S body lay,  
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf  
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

## XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARG'RET'S name,  
And thrice he wept full sore,  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spoke never more.



*S. Shelley pinx.*

*W. Nutter. sculp.*

MARGARET.

*London, Published June 1, 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



—







*J. Shelley Pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

ELIA.

*London, Publish'd Jan. 1. 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Quidde Street, Holborn.*

ALLEN AND ELLA,

FROM

EVANS'S OLD BALLADS.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream  
Where Thames oft his current delays,  
And charms more than poets can dream,  
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys;

Fair Ella, of all the gay throng  
The fairest that Nature had seen,  
Now drew ev'ry village along,  
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,  
For short is the triumph, ye fair!  
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower  
And hope is but gilded despair.

A

His



His affection each swain now, behold,  
By riches endeavours to prove;  
But Ella still cries, "What is gold,  
Or wealth, when compared to his love?"

Yes, Allen! together we'll wield  
Our sickles in summer's bright day;  
Together we'll lease o'er the field,  
And smile all our labours away:

In winter I'll winnow the wheat,  
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;  
That flail will be music as sweet,  
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd."

How oft would he speak of his bliss!  
How oft would he call her his maid!  
And Allen would seal with a kiss  
Ev'ry promise and vow that he said.

But, hark! o'er the grass-level land  
The village-bells found on the plain;  
False Allen this morn gave his hand,  
And Ella's fond tears are all vain.

Sad

Sad Ella too soon heard the tale,  
Too soon the sad cause she was told :  
That his was a nymph of the vale ;  
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,  
Which befringes the sweet river's side,  
How oft was she languishing seen !  
How oft would she gaze on the tide !

By the clear river, then, as she fate,  
Which reflected herself and the mead,  
Awhile she bewept her sad fate,  
And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

" There, there!—is it Ella I see?  
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid !  
Ah! no ; 'tis some Ella, like me,  
Some hapless young virgin betray'd !

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept ;  
Like me, she has fondly believ'd :  
Like me, her true promise she kept ;  
Like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come,

I come, dear companion in grief!  
 Gay scenes, and fond pleasures, adieu!  
 I come! — and we'll gather relief  
 From bosoms so chaste and so true,

Like you, I have mourn'd the long night,  
 And wept out the day in despair:  
 Like you, I have banish'd delight,  
 And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows, so lovely, farewell!  
 Your velvet still Allen shall tread,  
 All deaf to the sound of that knell  
 Which tolls for his Ella when dead,

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd;  
 For Allen her loss shall bemoan:  
 Soon, soon, shall poor Ella be laid  
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own,

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair  
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate,  
 As, together, ye draw the free air,  
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate;

I come

If



If chance, o'er my turf as ye tread,  
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh,  
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,  
 And the violet languish and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;  
 Like the tears that you lend to the stream:  
 Tears are lost in that watery plain,  
 And your sighs are all lost upon him."

Scarce Echo had gather'd the sound,  
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed:  
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,  
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village, at eve,  
 Oft meet at the dark spreading yew;  
 There wonder how man could deceive  
 A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands of every flow'r  
 (Which Ella herself should have made)  
 They raise up a short-living bow'r;  
 And, sighing, cry, "Peace to her shade!"

Then, hand lock'd in hand, as they move  
 The green-plotting hillock around,  
 They talk of poor Ella, and love,  
 And moisten with tears the fresh ground :

Nay, with they had never been born,  
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view,  
 When Allen could thus be forsworn,  
 And his Ella could still be so true.

Scarcely Echo had gather'd the sound,  
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed ;  
 The liquid fragments to the ground,  
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village, as ever,  
 Off meet at the dark lightning yew ;  
 There wonder how man could deceive  
 A bottom to glass and to mirror.

With garlands of every flower  
 (Which Ella herself thought have made)  
 They raise up a floor-living bow ;  
 And, sighing, cry, " Peace to her shade !"

Then,



*J. Shelley pinx.*

*W. Nutter sculp.*

ELLA.

*London, Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 1, 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*









*J. Shelley pinx.*

*W. Walker sculp.*

MIRTH.

*London, Publish'd Feb: 1<sup>st</sup> 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



# V E R S E S

## ON THE RECOVERY OF THE

### LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL.

---

**W**HERE Thames with pride beholds AUGUSTA's charms,  
And either India pours into her arms;  
Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,  
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;  
High-throned appears the laughter-loving dame,  
Goddeſs of mirth, EUPHROSYNE her name.  
Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn;  
All life, all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born!  
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit;  
She looks her fire, and ſpeaks her mother's wit!

O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;  
 Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp sustains.  
 Thee, goddess! thee, the fair and young obey;  
 Wealth, Wit, Love, Music, all confess thy sway.  
 In the bleak wild, ev'n Want by thee is blest'd,  
 And pamper'd Pride, without thee, pines for rest;  
 The rich grow richer, while in thee they find  
 The matchless treasure of a smiling mind;  
 Science by thee flows soft in social ease,  
 And Virtue losing rigour, learns to please.

The goddess summons each illustrious name,  
 Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.  
 She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,  
 From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.  
 Where is, the goddess cry'd, my favourite, she,  
 Of all my race, the dearest far to me,  
 Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?  
 She said—But no TYRCONNEL glads her sight.  
 Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;  
 Swift rose her swelling sigh, and trembling tear,  
 In kind low murmurs, all the loss deplore;  
 TYRCONNEL droops, and pleasure is no more.

LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL.

'The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air ;  
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.  
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspired,  
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fired.  
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes ;  
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,  
She flies her eldest sister Health to find ;  
And meets her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.  
Around her, birds in earliest concert sing ;  
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring ;  
Fresh-tinctur'd, like a summer-evening sky,  
And a mild sun beams smiling in her eye.  
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow ;  
Her limbs yet recent from the springs below ;  
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,  
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh and pure ;  
Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,  
And all their balmy virtue fresh ascend.  
Hail ! sister, hail ! (the kindred goddess cries)  
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.  
You (with whose living breath the morn is fraught),  
Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought ;  
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline,  
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine ;

Bright



Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,  
 And the fresh green, a fresher green displays,  
 Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,  
 And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.  
 Such thy vast pow'r!—The Deity replies,  
 Mirth never asks a boon, which Health denies.  
 Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;  
 Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspires Health.  
 These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun, are mine;  
 Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.  
 EUPHROSYNE rejoins—Thy friendship prove!  
 See sickening the dear object of my love,  
 Shall that warm heart, so cheerful e'en in pain,  
 So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?  
 Sister, in her my smile anew display,  
 And all the social world shall bless thy sway.  
 Swift as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing,  
 Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:  
 Now bland and sweet she floats along in air;  
 Air feels, and soft'ning owns th' ethereal fair:  
 In still descent she melts on opening flow'rs,  
 And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs,  
 The genial show'rs, new-rising to the ray,  
 Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.

Now

Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,  
Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings.  
Shakes them embalm'd, or in a gentle kiss,  
Breathes the sure earnest of awaking bliss.  
SAPHIRA feels it with a soft surprize  
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes.

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,  
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows.  
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives,  
Steeps every charm, and as she bathes it lives!  
As from her locks she sheds the vital show'r,  
'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my pow'r;  
Let these immediate to thy darling roll,  
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul,  
Thou smil'st, EUPHROSYNE; and conscious see,  
Prompt to thy smile, how nature joys with thee.  
All is green life! all beauty rosy bright;  
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!  
See vernal Hours lead circling joys along!  
All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!

Receive

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.  
 Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.  
 Quick to AUGUSTA bear the prize away;  
 There let her smile, and bid the world be gay.





HEALTH.

*London, Publish'd Feb: 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*









*J. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

INDEPENDENCE.

*London, Publish'd March 2<sup>d</sup> 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

O D E  
T O I N D E P E N D E N C E.

BY THE REV. W. MASON, M. A.

I.

**H**ERE, on my native shore reclin'd,  
While silence rules this midnight hour,  
I woo thee, goddess; on my musing mind  
Descend, propitious pow'r!  
And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:  
Bid my calm soul with all thy influence shine;  
As yon chaste orb along this ample tide  
Draws the long lustre of her silver line,  
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,  
And lulls old slumber to his deep repose.

II.

Come to thy votry's ardent prayer,  
In all thy graceful plainness drest:  
No knot confines thy waving hair,  
No zone thy floating vest;  
Unfurl'd honour decks thine open brow,  
And candour brightens in thy modest eye:  
Thy blush is warm content's ethereal glow;  
Thy smile is peace; thy step is liberty:  
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,  
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

A

III. As

## III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,  
Thy fav'rite swain oft stole along,  
And artless tun'd his Dorian lay,  
Far from the busy throng.  
Thou heard'st him, goddess, strike the tender string,  
And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move:  
Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring,  
With beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted love;  
To loftier flights his daring genius rose,  
And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

## IV.

Pointed with satire's keenest steel,  
The shafts of wit he darts around;  
Ev'n mitred Dulness learns to feel,  
And shrinks beneath the wound.  
In awful poverty his honest muse  
Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land:  
In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,  
In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;  
He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,  
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.



## V.

Behold, like him, immortal maid,  
The muses vestal fires I bring:  
Here, at thy feet, the sparks I spread;  
Propitious wave thy wing.  
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,  
Which glares tremendous on the sons of pride.  
But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!  
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;  
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,  
As swells the lark's meridian ecstasy.

## VI.

" Fond youth! to MARVELL's patriot fame,  
" Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire,  
" Yet nourish still the lambent flame;  
" Still strike thy blameless lyre:  
" Led by the moral muse, securely rove;  
" And all the vernal sweets thy vacant youth  
" Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,  
" O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:  
" To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,  
" And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile.

## VII. "'Tis

## VII.

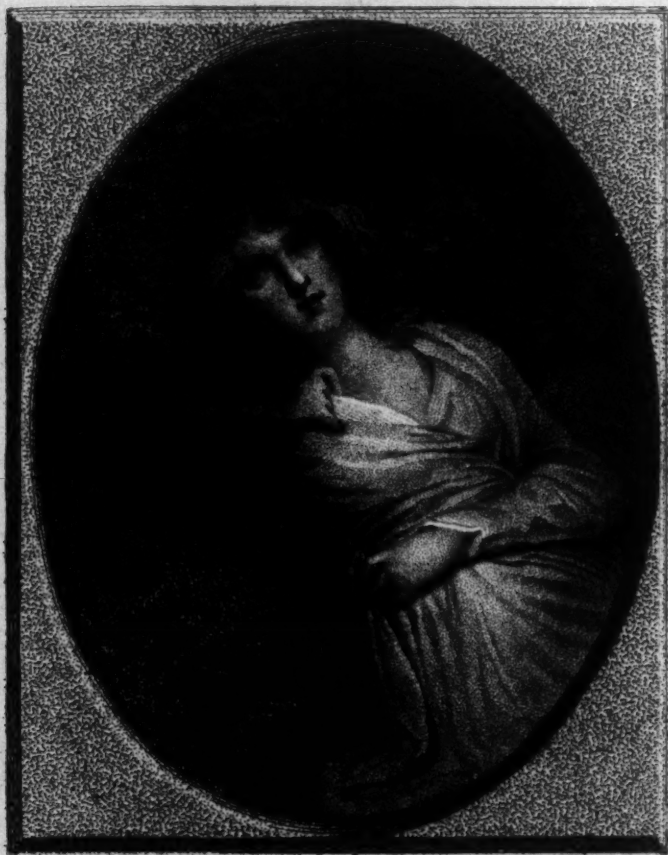
- " 'Tis he, my son, alone shall cheer  
" Thy sickning soul; at that sad hour,  
" When o'er a much-lov'd parent's bier,  
" Thy duteous sorrows shower:  
" At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;  
" When pining Care leads on her pallid train;  
" And sees thee, like the weak and widow'd vine,  
" Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.  
" At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,  
" And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head,

## VIII.

- " This fragrant wreath, the muses meed,  
" That bloom'd those vocal shades among,  
" Where never Flattery dar'd to tread,  
" Or Int'rest's servile throng.  
" Receive, thou favour'd son, at my command,  
" And keep, with sacred care, for D'ARCY's brow:  
" Tell him, 'twas twin'd by my immortal hand,  
" I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;  
" Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine  
" To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE."







*J. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

## CONTENT.

*London, Publish'd Decr. 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street Holborn.*

# C O N T E N T.

FROM MASON'S ELFRIDA.

---

**T**HE Turtle tells her plaintive tale,  
Sequester'd in some shadowy vale ;  
The Lark in radiant ether floats,  
And swells his wild ecstatic notes ;  
Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn spray  
The Linnet wakes her temp'rate lay ;  
She haunts no solitary shade,  
She flutters o'er no sun-shine mead,  
No love-lorn griefs depress her song,  
No raptures lift it loudly high,  
But soft she trills, amid th' ærial throng,  
Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.

Sweet Bird! like thine our lay shall flow,  
Nor gaily brisk, nor sadly flow ;

For

For to thy note, sedate and clear,  
 CONTENT still lends a list'ning ear.  
 Reclin'd this mossy bank along,  
 Oft has she heard thy careless song:  
 Why hears not now? What fairer grove  
 From Harewood lures her devious love?  
 What fairer grove than Harewood knows,  
 More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,  
 More shadowy bow'rs, inviting soft repose,  
 More streams flow-wand'ring thro' her winding vales?

Perhaps to some lone cave the Rover flies,  
 Where lull'd in pious peace the Hermit lies.

For, from the Hall's tumultuous state,  
 Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,  
 There will the meek-eyed Matron oft retreat,  
 And with the solemn Sage high converse hold.

There, Goddess, on the shaggy mound,  
 Where tumbling torrents roar around,  
 Where pendant mountains o'er your head  
 Stretch their reverential shade;  
 You listen, while the holy Seer  
 Slowly chaunts his vespers clear;  
 Or of his sparing mefs partake,  
 The fav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,

The



The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.  
Then, rising light, your host you bless,  
And o'er his faintly temples bland distil  
Seraphic day-dreams of heav'n's happiness.

Where'er thou art, enchanting Power,  
Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's bower :  
Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,  
Printing this dew-impearled green ;  
Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,  
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,  
Among the welcome guests that move  
Attendant on the state of Love.  
There, when the Sov'reign leads along  
Of Sports and Smiles a jocund train,  
Then last, but loveliest of the lovely throng,  
Thou com'st to soften, yet secure his reign.

And, hark ! completing our prophetic lay,  
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty way ;  
Now nearer, and now nearer, sounds.  
Avaunt ! ye vain, delusive Fears !  
Hark ! Echo tells thro' Harewood's amplest bounds,  
That Love, Content, and ATHELWOLD appears.









*J. Shelley pinxt.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

BEAUTY and LOVE.

*London, Published Dec: 1. 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

# M E L O D Y,

By Mr. C U N N I N G H A M.

---

**L**IGHTSOME, as convey'd by sparrows,  
LOVE and BEAUTY cross'd the plains;  
Flights of little pointed arrows  
LOVE dispatch'd among the swains.

But so much our shepherds dread him  
(Spoiler of their peace profound),  
Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,  
Frighten'd though they felt no wound.

Now, the wanton God grown slier,  
And for each fond mischief ripe,  
Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,  
Tuning sweet an oaten pipe.

Echo,

Echo, by the winding river,  
Doubles his deluding strains;  
While the boy conceals his quiver  
From the flow-returning swains.

AS PALEMON, unsuspecting,  
Prais'd the fly musician's art;  
LOVE, his light disguise rejecting,  
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

CUPID will enforce your duty,  
Shepherds, and would have you taught,  
Those, that timid fly from BEAUTY,  
May by MELODY be caught.







*J. Bailey pinxt*

*C. Taylor sculp*

The INVITATION.

*London, Publish'd May 12 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

T H E  
I N V I T A T I O N,  
O R T H E  
P A S S I O N A T E S H E P H E R D T O H I S L O V E.

[ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE.]

C O M E live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
There will I make thee beds of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flow'rets and a girdle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;  
A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we'll pull ;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;  
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs.  
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning.  
Then if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.



T H E  
C O N S I D E R A T I O N,

O R T H E

N Y M P H ' s R E P L Y T O T H E S H E P H E R D.

**I**F that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.  
But, time drives flocks from field to fold,  
And rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.  
The flow'rets fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter-reckoning yield :  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.  
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,  
Thy cap, thy girdle, and thy posies,  
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten :  
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.—  
But, could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, and age no need ;  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.



*J. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor, sculp.*

THE REPLY.

*London. Published May 1, 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*









*J. Shelley pinxt*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

IMOGEN.

*London, Published Oct. 1. 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

# I M O G E N

## AWAKING BEFORE THE CAVE.

I M O G E N.

**Y**ES, Sir, to Milford Haven; which is the way?  
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray how far thither?  
'Ods Pittikins!—Can it be six miles yet!  
I have gone all night:—Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.—  
But soft, no bed-fellow:—O, gods and goddeffes!  
I hope I dream; but 'tis not so: Good faith,  
I tremble still with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd Gods, a part of it!  
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumous!  
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand!  
This is PISANIO's deed, and CLOTEN's: O!——  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horridier may seem to those  
Who chance to find us. O my Lord! my Lord!

CYMBELINE, *Act IV. Scene II.*



# I A C H I M O

IN IMOGEN'S CHAMBER, ISSUING FROM THE TRUNK.

I A C H I M O.

**T**HE crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest;—

—my design's

To note the Chamber:—I will write all down:—

Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such

The adornment of her bed: The arras? figures?

Why, such and such:—And the contents of the story—

Ah! but some natural notes about her body

(Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.

O Sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!

Come off, come off—[*Taking off a bracelet*]

'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her Lord.——No more.

Why should I write this down that's riveted,

Screw'd to my memory?—I have enough:

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

CYMBELINE, Act II. Scene II.



*J. Shelley pinx.*

*C. Taylor, sculp.*

JACHIMO.

*London, Published Oct 1<sup>st</sup> 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*









*S. Shelley pinx't*

*C. Taylor sculp't*

THE LAMENT.

*London, Publish'd July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

THE  
DELUDED LOVER'S LAMENT,  
A SCOTTISH POEM.

I.

THOU pale orb, that silent shines,  
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!  
Thou seest a wretch, who inly pines,  
And wanders here to wail and weep!  
With woe I nightly vigils keep,  
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;  
And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn  
The faintly marked, distant hill:  
I joyless view thy trembling horn,  
Reflected on the gurgling rill.  
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!  
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!  
Ah! must the agonizing thrill  
For ever bar returning peace!

A

III.



## III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,  
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim :  
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;  
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;  
 The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;  
 The oft-attested Pow'rs above ;  
 The *promis'd Father's tender name* :  
 These were the pledges of my love !

## IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,  
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !  
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,  
 For her dear sake, and hers alone !  
 And, must I think it ! is she gone,  
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?  
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?  
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

## V.

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,  
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,  
 As from the fondest lover part,  
 The plighted husband of her youth ?  
 Alas ! Life's path may be unsmooth !  
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress !  
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,  
 Her sorrows share and make them less ?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,  
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,  
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,  
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd,  
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,  
 For her too scanty once of room!  
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,  
 And not a *wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,  
 Awakes me up to toil and woe:  
 I see the hours, in long array,  
 That I must suffer, lingering, flow.  
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,  
 Keen Recollection's direful train,  
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,  
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,  
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,  
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,  
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:  
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,  
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in fore affright;  
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief  
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX. O!

## THE DELUDED LOVER'S LAMENT,

## IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,  
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!  
Oft has thy silent-marking glance  
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!  
The time, unheeded, sped away,  
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,  
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,  
To mark the mutual-kindling eye,

## X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!  
Scenes, never, never to return!  
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,  
Again I feel, again I burn!  
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,  
Life's weary vale I wander thro';  
And hopeless, comfortless, I mourn  
A faithless woman's broken vow,







THE WOUNDED FAWN.

London, Published Sep<sup>r</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

T H E  
W O U N D E D F A W N.

By A N D R E W M A R V E L L.

**T**HE wanton troopers riding by,  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive  
Who kill'd thee: thou ne'er didst, alive,  
Them any harm: alas! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;  
Nor do I for all this—nor will—  
But, if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with Heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears  
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!  
It cannot die so: Heaven's King  
Keeps register of every thing;  
And nothing we may use in vain,  
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;  
Else men are made their deodands:  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
From thine, and wound me to the heart!  
Yet could they not be clean: their stain  
Is dy'd in such a purple grain.  
There is not such another in  
The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant SYLVIO, when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,



One morning (I remember well)  
Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me; nay, and I know  
What he then said, I'm sure I do.  
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear."  
But SYLVIO soon had me beguil'd:  
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,  
And, quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play  
My solitary time away,  
With this: and very well content  
Could so mine idle life have spent.  
For it was full of sport; and light  
Of foot, and heart; and did invite  
Me to its game: it seem'd to bless  
Itself in me: how could I less  
Than love it? O, I cannot be  
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me!

Had it liv'd long, I do not know  
Whether it too might have done so  
As SYLVIO did: his gifts might be,  
Perhaps, as false, or more than he:  
But I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time espy,  
Thy love was far more better than  
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first  
I it at my own fingers nurs't;  
And as it grew, so every day  
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.

It had so sweet a breath ! and oft  
It blush'd to see its foot more soft  
And white, than—shall I say my hand ?  
Nay, any lady's of the land.  
It is a wondrous thing, how fleet  
'Twas on those little silver feet !  
With what a pretty skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race ;  
And when't had left me far away,  
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay :  
For it was nimbler much than hinds ;  
And trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
But so with roses overgrown,  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness :  
And all the spring-time of the year  
It only loved to be there.  
Among the beds of lilies, I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;  
Yet could not, till itself should rise,  
Find it, although before my eyes :  
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,  
It like a band of lilies laid.  
Upon the roses it would feed,  
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed ;  
And then to me would boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still  
On roses thus itself to fill ;  
And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
Had it liv'd long, it would have been  
Lilies without, roses within.

O help !

O help! O help! I see it faint—  
And die—as calmly as a faint—  
See how it weeps! the tears do come  
Sad, slowly dropping, like a gum,  
So weeps the wounded balsam! so  
The holy frankincense doth flow!  
The brotherless Heliades  
Melt in such amber tears as these.  
I, in a golden vial, will  
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill  
It, till it do o'erflow with mine:  
Then place it in DIANA's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to  
Whither the swans and turtles go:  
In fair Elysium to endure,  
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.  
O do not run too fast, for I  
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die!

First, my unhappy statue shall  
Be cut in marble; and withal  
Let it be weeping too;—but there  
Th' engraver sure his art may spare!  
For I so truly thee bemoan,  
That I shall weep though I be stone;  
Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
My breast, themselves engraving there.  
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
Of purest alabaster made;  
For I would have thine image be  
White as I can, though not as thee.







THE WANDERING NYMPH.

London, Published Sep<sup>r</sup> 12 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE  
N Y M P H,  
WANDERING IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER.

I.

ON every hill, in every grove,  
Along the margin of each stream,  
(Dear conscious scenes of former love!)  
I mourn, and DAMON is my theme.  
The hills, the groves, the streams remain—  
But DAMON there I seek in vain.

II.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,  
Where to my swain I oft have sung,  
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,  
As o'er the airy steep they hung.  
The mossy cave, the goats remain—  
But DAMON there I seek in vain.

III.

Now thro' the winding vale I pass,  
And sigh to see the well-known shade;  
I weep, and kiss the bended grass,  
Where Love and DAMON fondly play'd.  
The vale, the shade, the grass remain—  
But DAMON there I seek in vain.



## IV.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,  
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more;  
Each flower, in pity, droops its head,  
All nature does my loss deplore:  
All, all reproach the faithless swain—  
Yet DAMON still I seek in vain.





*J. Smith pinxit*

*W. Miller sculp*

EUPHROSÝNE.

*London, Published Nov. 1, 1789, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



# EUPHROSYNE,

FROM COMUS.

COME, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yclep'd EUPHROSYNE,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.  
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jests and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimples sleek;  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph sweet Liberty.  
Cast thine eyes around and see,  
How, from every element,  
Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,  
And her choicest blessings sent.  
Fire, water, earth, and air combine  
To compose the rich repast;  
Their aid the distant seasons join,  
To court thy smell, thy sight, thy taste.  
Hither, Summer, Autumn, Spring,  
Hither all your tributes bring:  
All on bended knee be seen,  
Paying homage to your queen.

## THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

ONE Summer eve, as NANCY fair  
Sat spinning in the shade,  
While sky-larks soaring high in air  
Were warbling o'er her head;  
And doves in tender cooings woo'd,  
(As mutual love they feel)  
She sung, but still her work pursued,  
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

" While thus I work with rock and reel,

" Our life by time is spun;

" And, as runs round my spinning-wheel,

" The world turns up and down:

" Some rich to-day, to-morrow poor,

" While I no changes feel,

" But sit, industrious, at my door,

" And turn my spinning-wheel.

" From me let men and women too

" This homespun lesson learn,

" Not mind what other people do,

" But eat the bread they earn:

" If none were fed, in each degree,

" But who deserv'd a meal,

" Some ladies then, as well as me,

" Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast in artless tone

Thus sung her pensive strain,

When o'er the stile leap'd fast full JOHN,

Who long had plough'd the main:

She turn'd to view her future spouse;

(Away flew rock and reel)

Now keeps, in happiness, his house,

And turns her spinning wheel.



*J. Shelley pinxt*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

The SPINNING. WHEEL.

*London, Publishd Nov. 5, 1789 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.*









*J. Stollé pinx.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

SANTERING JACK.

*London, Publish'd Jan<sup>y</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1790, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



# E P I T A P H

ON

## SAUNTERING JACK AND IDLE JOAN.

BY MR. P R I O R.

**I** N T E R R ' D beneath this marble stone,  
Lie faunt'ring Jack and idle Joan.  
While rolling years threescore and one  
Did round this globe their courses run;  
If human things went ill or well;  
If changing empires rose or fell;  
The morning past, the evening came,  
And found this couple still the same.  
They walk'd, and eat, good folks! what then?  
Why then they walk'd and eat again.

They soundly slept the night away:  
They did just nothing all the day:  
And having bury'd children four,  
Wou'd not take pains to try for more.  
No sister either had, nor brother;  
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

A

Their

Their moral and oeconomy  
Most perfectly they made agree:  
Each virtue kept its proper bound,  
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.  
Nor fame or censure they regarded:  
They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.  
He car'd not what the footman did:  
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid:  
So ev'ry servant took his course;  
And bad at first, they all grew worse.  
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable;  
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.  
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;  
Their meal was large, their grace was short.  
They gave the poor their remnant-meat,  
Just when it grew not fit to eat.  
They paid the church and parish-rate,  
And took, but read not the receipt;  
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,  
Of slumbering in an upper pew.  
No man's defects sought they to know;  
So never made themselves a foe.  
No man's good deeds did they commend;  
So never rais'd themselves a friend;  
Nor cherish'd they relation poor,  
That might decrease their present store:  
Nor barn nor house did they repair,  
That might oblige their future heir.

They

They neither added, nor confounded ;  
They neither wanted, nor abounded.  
Each Christmas they accompts did clear,  
And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear nor smile did they employ,  
At news of public grief, or joy.  
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,  
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid ;  
Their jugg was to the ringers carry'd,  
Who ever either dy'd, or marry'd.  
Their billet at the fire was found,  
Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;  
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise ;  
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
They led—a kind of—as it were—  
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd ;  
And so they liv'd ; and so they dy'd.



I was neither added, nor subtracted;  
I was neither wasted, nor expended.  
Each Christmas they brought me cheer,  
And wound their tortoise round the year.

Neither nor find did they employ,  
At times of public grief or joy.  
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,  
It all they got they got and said;  
I brought me to the ringers cry,  
I no ever cried, I or many;  
Their list at the time was found,  
Who ever was asked, or asked.

For good, nor bad, nor less nor more,  
They would not know, nor could they care;  
When love, or hate, or joy or pain,  
They led a kind of - as it were -  
Nor with, nor without, nor in nor out,  
And so they live; and so they die.



IDLE JOAN.

London, Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 1. 1790, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.









*C. Taylor excudit.*

*The Happy Resemblance.*

*London, Publish'd Nov. 1. 1786. by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

T H E

# HAPPY RESEMBLANCE.

[AN ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.]

**T**HE separation of lovers, if for any considerable interval, is a kind of æra in the History of Love, not easily forgotten; the pains of parting, the anxieties of absence, are too sensible to be quickly erased: but, if glory call the hero from the object of his affection; if impelled by martial ardour, he seek it in the field of danger, what alarms await the tender bosom, whose destiny is interwoven with that of the gallant soldier, or the hardy seaman!

Cease every reflection on the degeneracy of the age, on the dissipation and infidelity of the present times; it may indeed be true, that many are the slaves of venality, who request not the heart, provided they obtain the hand: but let it not be supposed, that the genuine feelings of the breast can ever be totally insensible; or, that instances of honourable passion can be wanting in minds cultivated by just taste, and directed by virtue and discretion.

LETITIA,

LETITIA,



LETITIA, the elegant, the sprightly, the modest LETITIA, accomplished with every liberal and polite acquisition, had long distinguished from among her admirers the amiable Col. J. and had just appointed a time for the completion of their mutual vows; the commencement of their united felicity:

In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest;  
All who knew env'y'd; yet in env'y lov'd.  
Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?

A happiness, which, even when apparently in possession, was at once dissipated; for the soldier is not master of himself. What were thy sensations, LETITIA, when first the news was brought, that honour claimed thy consort; that among the gallant defenders of Gibraltar, Col. J. was appointed to be one! If the manly fortitude of the hardy officer scarce forbore calling fortune cruel, what description shall do justice to thy feelings when thus parted! — Those only who have felt, can describe the anxieties of separation. Let then the following extract speak for itself.

#### LETITIA to MARIA.

“ I thank you, my dear MARIA, for your attention in transmitting so early an account of what you inform me is termed the decisive victory at Gibraltar; and you hope, as we have this news first from our enemies, that the  
truth

truth will prove greatly beyond what they acknowledge. I hope so too; I hope glory will recompense the gallant victors, said I, as I perused your letter. Shall I confess my frailty, Maria? I soon reflected, (those dreadful floating batteries!) that some must have fallen on our side; I trembled when I considered *who* might have fallen; for what is victory to me, if purchased at the expence of his life, to whom my own is united; and whose bravery, I well know, despises every danger, when in pursuit of his duty and of honour? Then, seated on the sofa, and viewing the last present he made me, I congratulated myself that ever painting was invented: I recalled to my memory the graceful address with which "he hoped I would oblige him by my acceptance of his portrait; a resemblance esteemed *happy*, an infinitely HAPPY RESEMBLANCE, if honoured with my approbation." How often has this little, but invaluable miniature, supported my spirits, and calmed my fears! When I heard of inconstant separated lovers, I sighed, but a glance at my HAPPY RESEMBLANCE as often dissipated every unkind apprehension. He cannot, said I, be fickle, constancy is inscribed in his countenance; together with valour and sensibility, I see the traits of honour and generosity. How I long for further information! for a letter relating the share he had in the action! for I am sure he had his share; and I bind for him in imagination, the laurel crown, which his courage may justly claim as his reward. But he is not present to receive it; and time flies with leaden wings till his return."——

Fortune,



Fortune, for a time, may seem perverse and unkind, may impede the happiness and delights of affection by delay; but in vain may the severest frowns of the inconstant Goddess attempt to control the constant heart. Her power extends only to a *trial* of affection; which, if genuine and real, will abide the test with honour, and deserve those rewards which await it: the joys of whose possession will be heightened by reflection on those previous difficulties which perseverance has surmounted, and fidelity vanquished. Of this our present subject is an instance.

Not long after the destruction of the floating batteries, when enmity was disarmed, and gentle peace calmed the discord of war, Col. J. obtained permission to revisit his native land, and his LETITIA. Happiness crowned their mutual constancy, and increasing affection animated the felicity of their enjoyments. Whether, since LETITIA has experienced the pleasures of maternity, if a separation should again take place, she will consider her prattling boy, or the once favourite miniature, as the HAPPY RESEMBLANCE; is a problem, which, though not of very difficult solution, no true friend, either of public or private happiness, will wish to be speedily determined by experiment.







*C. Taylor sculp.*

*The Fountain of Love.*

*London, Publish'd Nov<sup>r</sup> 1. 1786 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*

THE

# FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

(AN ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.)

**W**HY will you not love me? said AMINTOR to MYRTILLA; why will you not love me, and unite your hand with mine? I have long entreated you, have pursued you, have entertained you, yet you refuse. My possessions are ample; my flocks and my herds are numerous; my pastures fruitful; my fields fertile: these I might enjoy were MYRTILLA my own; but without her they are nothing; possession is not enjoyment, nor are flocks and herds riches.

Because, replied MYRTILLA, because AMINTOR values himself on his abundance, and boasts of his wealth.—



If in these he places his delight, if these are his desires, with what expectations shall any nymph accept his hand? Where the mind is not recommendatory of the man, and affection fervent in the mind, such may worship at the altar of PLUTUS; but let them not enter the temple of LOVE.

Why will you, MYRTILLA, indulge such suspicions? Why will you think me ignoble and sordid? I protest, that for your sake alone, I wish to continue master of my rural riches, nor desire them to be mine unless as they may contribute to our mutual enjoyment. ALEXIS has whispered to you this base slander; why will you listen to his reports? his principles are unworthy, and his disposition envious. Enjoin me any trial as proof of my fidelity; for you I will encounter the stormy ocean, for you I will defy burning Etna; no perils, e'er so hazardous, no dangers, e'er so dreadful, will I decline, may I but win your favour. Should I perish——Perish! no, perish not, AMINTOR: neither to the stormy ocean, nor to burning Etna do I enjoin you; our nymphs would mourn their absent swain, and the silent green regret its melody; the village would cease its festivity, and even CALISTA would repine.—Banish such injurious sentiments: I never regarded CALISTA; never loved any but MYRTILLA; never did my constant affection swerve from its amiable object. Banish from your bosom every idea of AMINTOR's inconstancy. Let us repair together to the sacred recess, where rises that powerful fountain whose waters obliterate every suspicion,

suspicion, and cause forgetfulness of every fault : there gentle Cupids offer the generous draught which exhilarates the soul, and dissipates every unamiable disposition ; to honest love, and sincere affection, the guardian Genii are ever propitious, and the golden goblet free. There will we reciprocally pledge ourselves ; look forward to mutual felicity, and forget that ever we disagreed.

Will you then, replied MYRTILLA, will you then forget that once you thought wealth desirable ? will you forget ambition ? will you center in me your happiness ? will you drink deep of the Fountain of Love ?—I will drink deep of the Fountain of Love ; I will place in your esteem my ambition, in your affection my riches ; no suspicion shall separate us ; no discord molest us. Time, as he wings his way, shall ever find us united in sentiment, in esteem, in honour, in affection, as united in the same lot. Come then, let me place on thy head this garland of roses ; they are the most beautiful the plains afford, they are the most fragrant that ever grew ; but their beauty fades compared to thine, and their fragrance yields no pleasure like thy consenting smiles. Come then, let us run to where happiness awaits us, where sacred rites shall call heaven and earth to witness our mutual fidelity ; the kindly stream shall impart new life, new desires, new ecstasy. We will date from this our brightest days, and ever venerate the FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.—



There are many fountains called (but falsely) Fountains of Love: their streams are turbid and discoloured; they rise from impure sources, and are tainted with deleterious exhalations: these madden into rage the mistaken Lovers who drink them; they diffuse a mist around the eyes, they beguile the heart; they suspend every noble faculty of the soul, and substitute a delirium; they enervate the mind, while they excite it to phrenzy. Unhappy those! misled by the gaudy flowers which glare along the paths, and bedeck the ways to such polluted streams. Unhappy! who thirst for such intoxicating draughts: the latent poison, however for a while disguised, will consume their spirits, and embitter their joys: every amiable propensity will wither to imbecility and decrepitude, every valuable quality to inanity and misery.

Far otherwise the gentle streams of honourable affection: deep withdrawn from popular observation, they rise in the secluded vale, or meander in the silent grove; conducted by the potent Genii, to where the devoted fane rears its majestic front, they replenish the capacious fountain with inexhaustible plenty, and diffuse to all around it, happiness and joy: permanent, not fading; real, not illusory. Mild as the breath of morn, grateful as returning spring, they invigorate the soul, they harmonize the passions, they elevate the affections. Happy the Lovers who have drank deep of the stream! Happy the votaries of the FOUNTAIN OF LOVE!





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*C. Taylor sculpit.*

*The Sleeping Fair.*

*London Publish'd Dec. 1. 1786 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> near Castle Street Holborn.*

THE

# SLEEPING FAIR,

## A SPANISH HISTORLETTE.

[By a CORRESPONDENT.]

**P**ASSING through the City of Granada, I observed a most joyful festival, as I thought; all ranks of people were inspired with mirth, and never did I see more universal satisfaction—On inquiry of a spectator, I learnt the reason of it in the following history:

Diffension and enmity, said my informer, are never more injurious than when prevalent between powerful and noble families; transmitted, perhaps, from generation to generation, they involve in their effects many, whose days might otherwise be tranquil; but if, by some fortunate incident, diffension and enmity may be destroyed, who will not rejoice in so happy an event!

Among the nobles of Granada, none were more conspicuous than Don GUSMAN DE MARCEDO, and Comte VAL-  
III.

LENTINE

LENTINE DE MEDINA; but they were enemies and rivals, and the enmity was hereditary, together with their inheritances. Don GUSMAN had an only son, who accompanied the Ambassador of Spain in France; he was amiable in his temper and manners; of polished mind, and enlarged civility. Report spake so strongly in his favour, that nobody wondered his father, Don GUSMAN, should command his presence at the estate of his ancestors; nor was Don JULIO less ready to obey the summons, and conclude his honourable banishment. Already had he passed the Pyreneans, already had he received the smiles of his Sovereign at Madrid; and now, approaching his paternal estate, he expected, ere long, to pay his duty to his parents—he had sent his servant before him with the news of his approach.

Arrived alone at a little village, he beheld an assembly of villagers dancing and making merry on the daisied green: (it was the nuptial day of a happy pair.) You can proceed no further this evening, said the host; fresh horses are not to be procured; nor can your chaise be now repaired. Take a turn on the green, and enjoy, for once, the pleasures of a village. Ah JULIO! did you know the perils which await you; did you know that on the green, mingled among the rustic nymphs, is Donna MARIA, the daughter of your family rival; did you know that Fortune would conduct you to the seat of this very person; that from her hand you should receive the tinkling guitar, and that with her also you should dance; did you know the perils attendant on her beauty, would you accept mine host's advice? Ah, blind



blind to fate ! JULIO was received with courtesy, and entertained with politeness ; but he paid for his reception with his heart. The splendid moon augmented the enjoyments of the rural scene, and the cool breezes prompted to a prolongation of the festivity. Never did JULIO more gracefully exert his accomplishments ; never did Donna MARIA more happily unite the various beauties of polished manners and lovely modesty : sprightliness and gaiety, tempered with meekness and reserve, heightened the glow of beauty, and added to the enchantment of her charms.

And who is the lady with whom I danced ? said JULIO to his host—Her father and herself arrived a few days since on a visit to her aunt, the proprietress of this village, and of a large estate. At a small distance from hence is her residence—by this twilight you may almost discern the dwelling ; there, that's one of the turrets. JULIO looked to the turret—advanced a few paces towards it—stopped short—advanced again—and, without design, had now approached to within a little distance of it—here he sat down, and for a while was lost in thought.

Nor was Donna MARIA very differently engaged from her lover : she had, indeed, retired, as was supposed, to rest ; had dismissed her servant, and dispensed with her attendance. Adjoining to her bed-chamber was a closet, looking to the rising dawn, whose early rays she thought she contemplated ; but the God of Love well knew, she rather contemplated her partner. Then she took up a book, but that was soon quitted, since it gave no information of the gentle stranger ;

ger ; after a while, seated as she was in her chair, without any change in her dress, she sunk into a placid slumber ; but slumbers are no more secure from the irruptions of love than meditations ; to the SLEEPING FAIR were still present the politeness of manners, the respectful attention, the engaging complaisance of the gentle stranger, whose assiduity she repaid with smiles, even in her sleep.

It was the custom of DON VALENTINE DE MEDINA to rise with the lark ; his early military duties had left this custom with him, and he allowed it full force. Curiosity led him this morning to walk about the estate of his sister-in-law : he was thus engaged, when suddenly four villains rushed out upon him from a little thicket, and attempted to pillage the hardy Veteran : but, although the combat was unequal, so strong is the force of custom, that he stood on his defence. The clashing of swords quickly excited the attention of DON JULIO, who, running to the spot, and perceiving a gentleman thus surrounded, immediately added his assistance, and, at length, put the robbers to flight ; but not without receiving a wound in the conflict. Comte VALENTINE did not recollect JULIO, and the circumstances of time and place prevented JULIO from observing the Comte, who now supported his wounded deliverer toward his sister-in-law's residence. Good Heavens ! cried Comte VALENTINE, with emotion, as he entered the Court-yard, how came my daughter's window open ? JULIO looked earnestly at him as he pronounced the words " my daughter," and thought he recollected features which palpitated his heart.

The



The same expression of the Comte's startled the SLEEPING FAIR; and, stepping to the window, she beheld the amiable stranger, supported by her father, and bleeding. She shrieked! and her shriek exciting the attention of Comte VALENTINE and JULIO, the latter perceived at once the situation he was in: If duty bade him refuse accommodation from his rival, as was the custom of the families, love bade him embrace the opportunity of personal acquaintance; the struggles of these principles overcame the wounded JULIO, and he was carried fainting into the house. The wound JULIO had received from the robbers was not dangerous, but that he received from Donna MARIA was incurable; and from this rather than from the other arose a fever. Comte VALENTINE sat by his bedside: To whom, Sir, am I indebted for my life, and how can I acknowledge it? I have interest at court, or I have extensive property in the province.—Neither of these, Sir, will be acceptable.

My servant is gone before me, to the seat of Don GUZMAN DE MARCEDO; I only beg you to send and inform him where he may find his master. What, Sir, are you of that family? Is it to a DE MARCEDO I am under obligations? and for my life? Perhaps you are Don JULIO; your appearance, I must acknowledge, justifies the favourable report of you, but—but—Good Heavens! that I should be obliged to that house! Had I not better have died at once! Not, said his sister-in-law, who that moment entered the room, and called him on one side, if I might give my opinion; for, since this gentleman's arrival, I cannot but guess he is the courteous stranger with whom



whom MARIA was partner on the green. But how came he so near your house? replied the Comte, with quickness. Possibly in hopes of a more durable partnership, replied his sister-in-law—It cannot be—it cannot be—were I myself willing to admit it, and thus repay my obligations, his father will forbid it—Not perhaps if he sees his son's life in danger: Give me your honour you will keep your temper to Don GUZMAN, and permit me to make an experiment. Not so as to tarnish—no, no, so as to augment your honour, and your happiness too, if this is the person we take him for, and in whose praises report is so prodigal.

In short, by the peculiarity of these incidents, and the mediation of this lady, the two Noblemen were pacified, the two families united, the two lovers made happy; and this is the occasion of these rejoicings. And who, said the narrator, will not join his wishes that their happiness be not only exquisite, but perpetual?





*The Sacrifice to Love.*

*London, Publish'd July 23 1787 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



THE  
SACRIFICE TO LOVE.

SERENE and mild was the evening, silent and quiet the grove; the sun gilded with his parting rays the mountain-tops; his declining beams added fresh beauty to the verdant scene: the gliding streams softly soothed the soul to slumbers; all was peace: why then was not the bosom of LAURA peace also! when nature was calm, why were her thoughts tumultuous? when all was cheerful, why did LAURA repine? She was dressed more gayly than other nymphs; her hair was perfumed with the fragrance of the East, and decorated with a chaplet of flowers; nor wanted LAURA personal charms, why then was she unquiet?

Surely, said LAURA, as she sat on the flowery bank, surely I do not envy the happy MELAMPE and EUGENIO, who to-day engage their mutual vows in the sacred temple: I too have had my lovers; STREPHON once sighed at my feet; and once the richer MYRTILLO; LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, NICIAS, courted my smiles, but they called me haughty, and exclaimed on my vanity—Have I then no beauty? they admit I have beauty, they acknowledge my address, they admire my elegance, yet still they love me not:—What benefits are in vanity? To be distinguished among the nymphs, but not esteemed; admired by the swains, but not loved:

loved: if I sing, they praise me maliciously; if I dance, they applaud me coolly: and because they think me vain, they refuse me that affection which they grant to each other: yet without affection, what is life? it is the rapid blast of the winter's storm. Farewell vanity and pride, farewell contempt and scorn; I will no longer be seduced by you from the paths of felicity; I will sacrifice my vanity on the Altar of Love; I will quit every haughty passion, and devote even my garland, till some constant swain replace it with bridal roses.

LAURA arose, she sought the sacred fane, she devoted her fragrant ornament to the Deity of Love, who, pleased with the victim, imparted to his votary augmented charms; the eye sparkling with kindness, and the smile enchanting with good nature: every grace was heightened by the sweetness of her manners; every beauty enlivened by her engaging deportment: no longer haughty, but mild; no longer supercilious, but affable, and complacent; LAURA, attractive before, became now irresistible.

STREPHON quickly noticed the change; LAURA again beheld him at her feet; and amid the congratulations of all her acquaintance, STREPHON replaced the devoted garland with bridal roses.







*R. Smirke pinx.*

*C. Taylor excudit*

*D*

*Beware!*

*London, Publish'd by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 30, near Castle Street, Holborn 1 Oct. 1787.*





*R. Smith del.*

*C. Taylor sculp.*

*Love Liberated.*

*London, Published by C. Taylor, N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn 1 Nov. 1787.*







*C. Taylor sculpit*

*Cupid in thought.*

*London, Published Dec. 1, 1786 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street Holborn.*

## C U P I D I N T H O U G H T.

**T**HIS Plate is engraved from a drawing apparently by an Italian designer, but who has not inserted his name on his performance. As explanations of the ideas connected with this figure and its companion, we may suppose some such soliloquy as the following to express the sentiments of the figures.

How few among mankind adequately value honorable affection! always talking of sincerity, purity, and disinterestedness; yet, if I employ a shaft, and essay the power of honest and virtuous love, I find their breasts fortified against me by caprice, by avarice, by a thousand devices: shall I then break my important bow, and destroy my feeble arrows? Shall I forsake this region of dissimulation, and bid adieu to the children of men? But then what will become of those virtuous few, whose bosoms I have enflamed with mutual desire, who acknowledge my power, and obey my injunctions?

V



THOUGHT IN THOUGHT  
 CUPID'S CONTRIVANCE.

**S**O ho! neighbour Cupid! what, always thinking, and thinking; always in study! study away, my lad—Poor Cupid! thy business has fallen off lately: has it? Well, I heartily pity thee, poor child! Dost know the reason of thy desertion? I can tell thee the secret. Look here—here's a bright, sharp, shining shaft; thou hast not such an one in thy quiver: Dost see how it glistens? 'Tis gold, boy, gold, penetrating and efficacious! Dost talk of influence?—always employ gold: its influence is universal. I have tried it: I am now going to make a number of arrows, all tipt with gold—here's the guineas ready; they are never-failing. Aye, study till thou art tired, thou wilt never hit on a better scheme. In thought! quoth he; let him think—let him think—I can do more without thought than he can by all his thinking, thanks to my golden arrows!—*probatum est*; he! he! he!



*Cupid's Contrivance,  
or  
The Golden Arrows.*

*London, Published Feb<sup>y</sup> 1787 by C. Taylor. N<sup>o</sup> 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



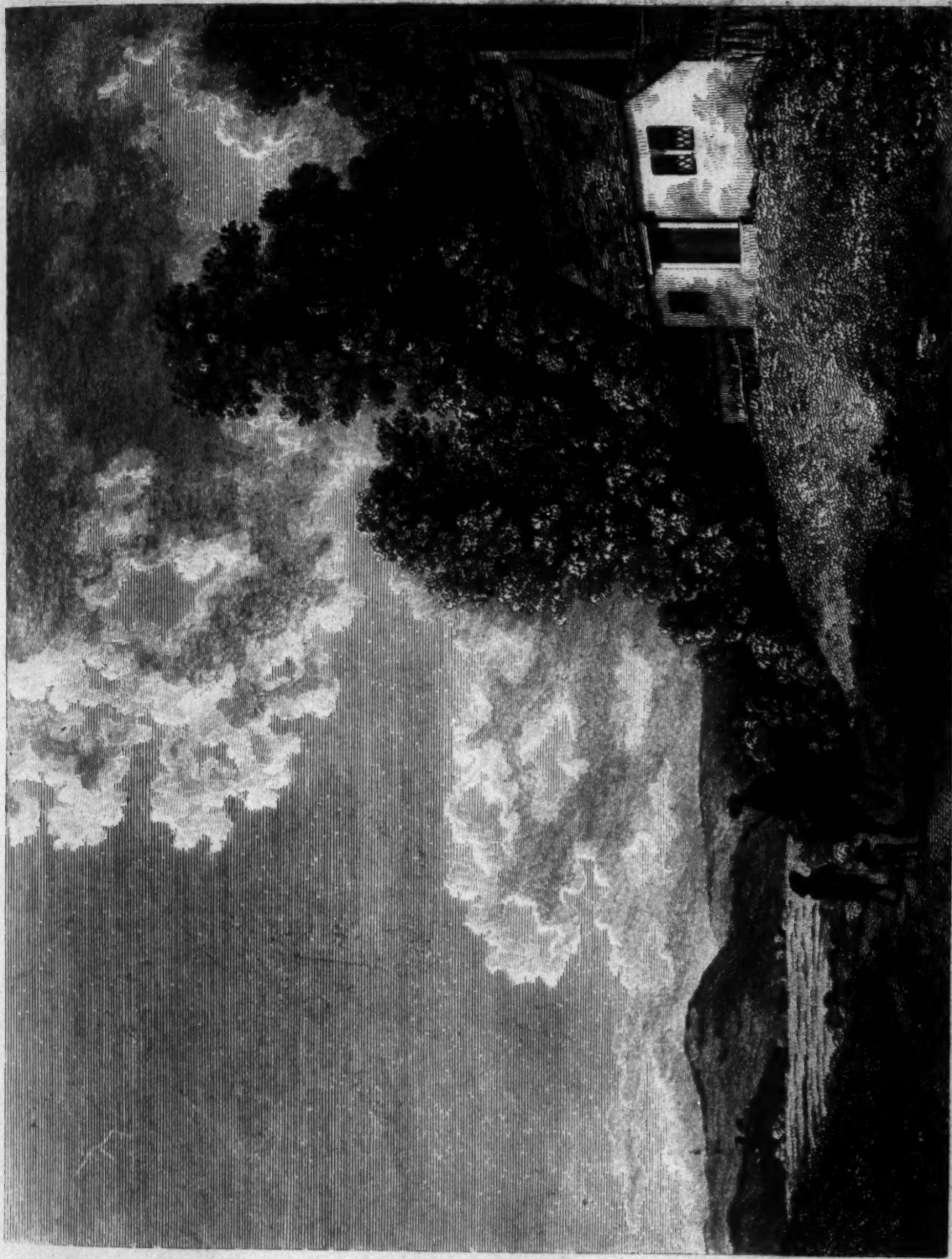




CUPID'S OFFER.

*London, Published May 1. 1787 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*





*London, Published June 13<sup>th</sup> 1866 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.*





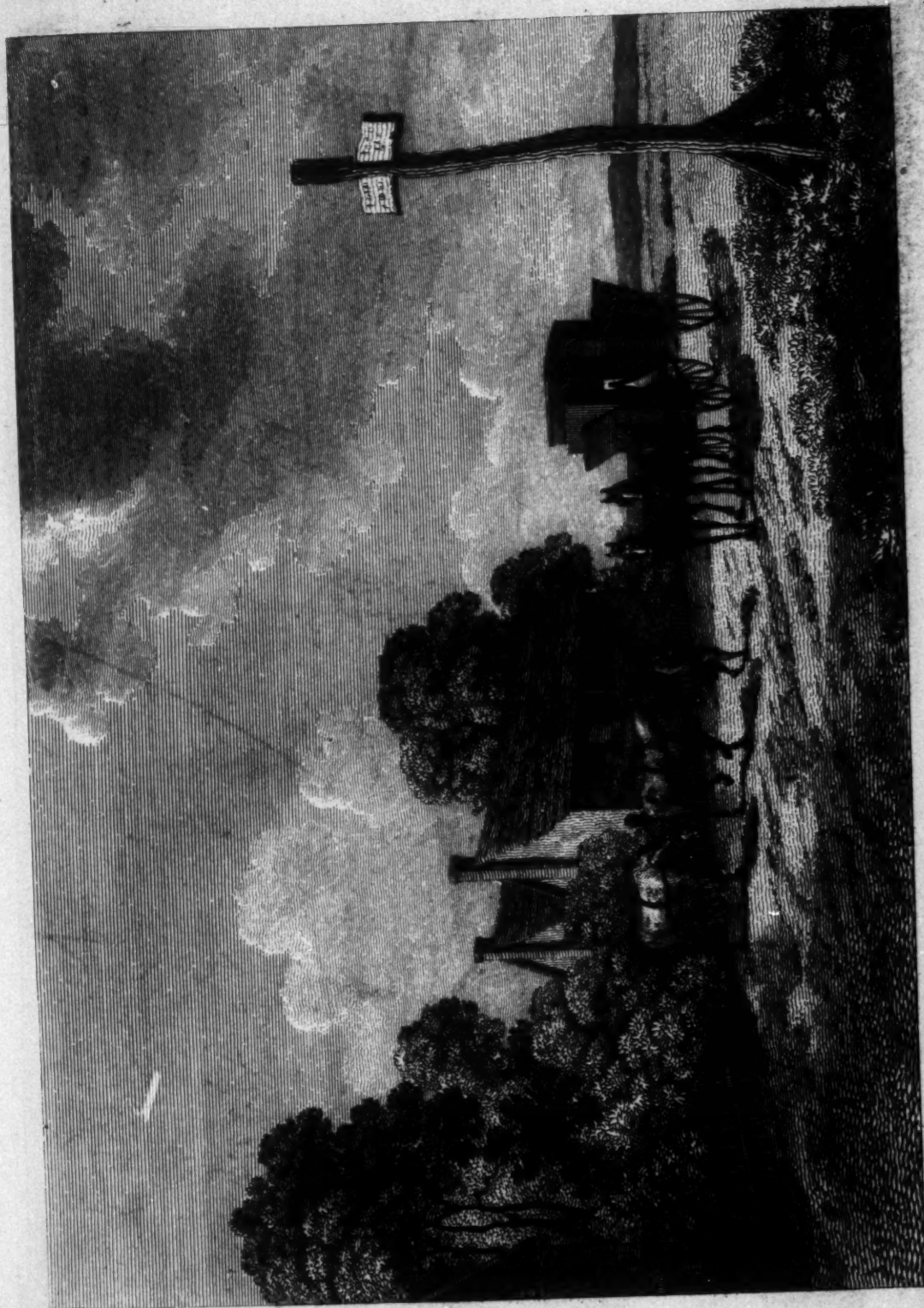


*The VERDANT BANK.*

*London. Published Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> 1886 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup>. 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



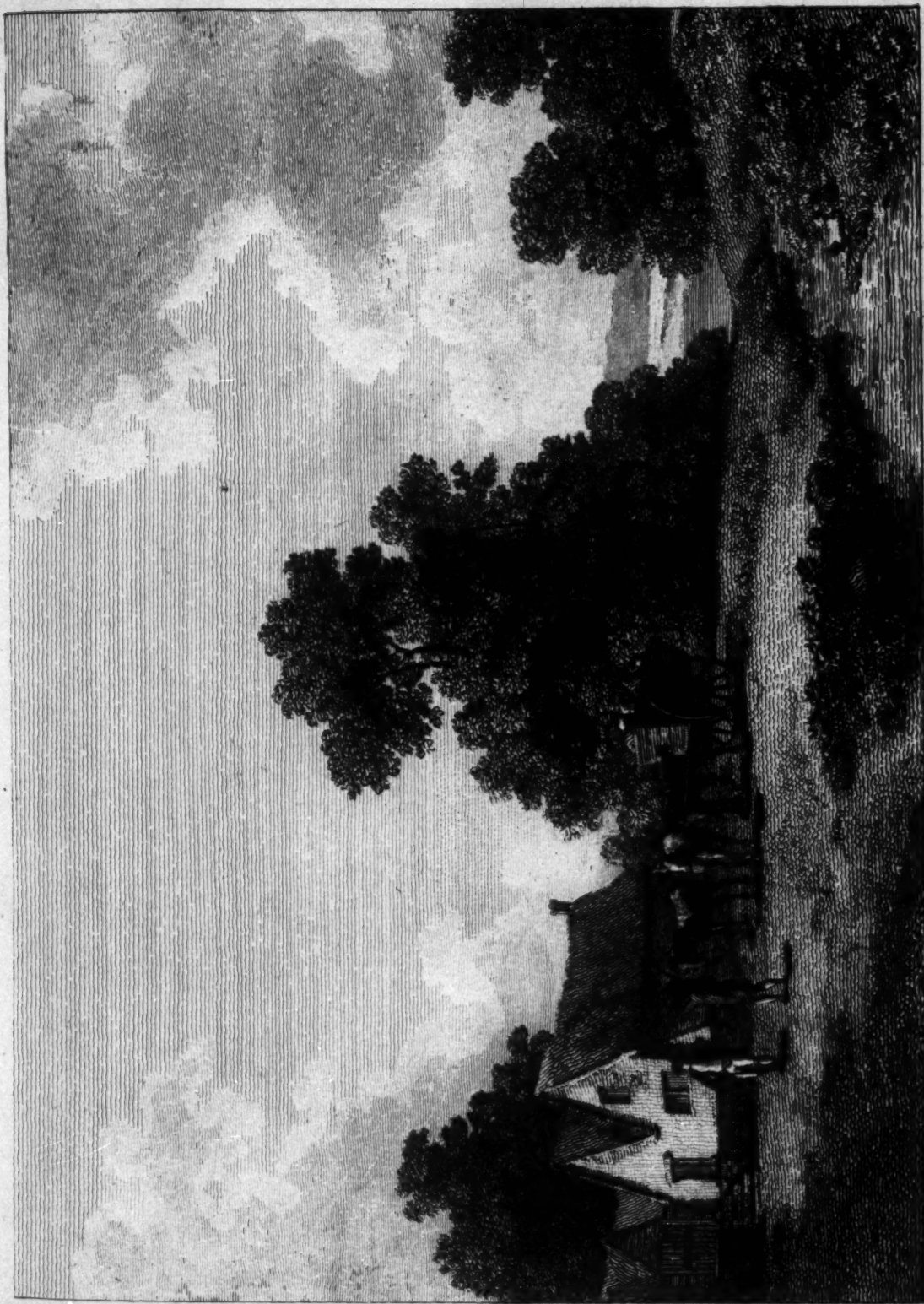




*The House on the Heath.*

*London: Published Nov. 2<sup>d</sup> 1786 by C. Taylor, No. near Castle Street, Holborn.*



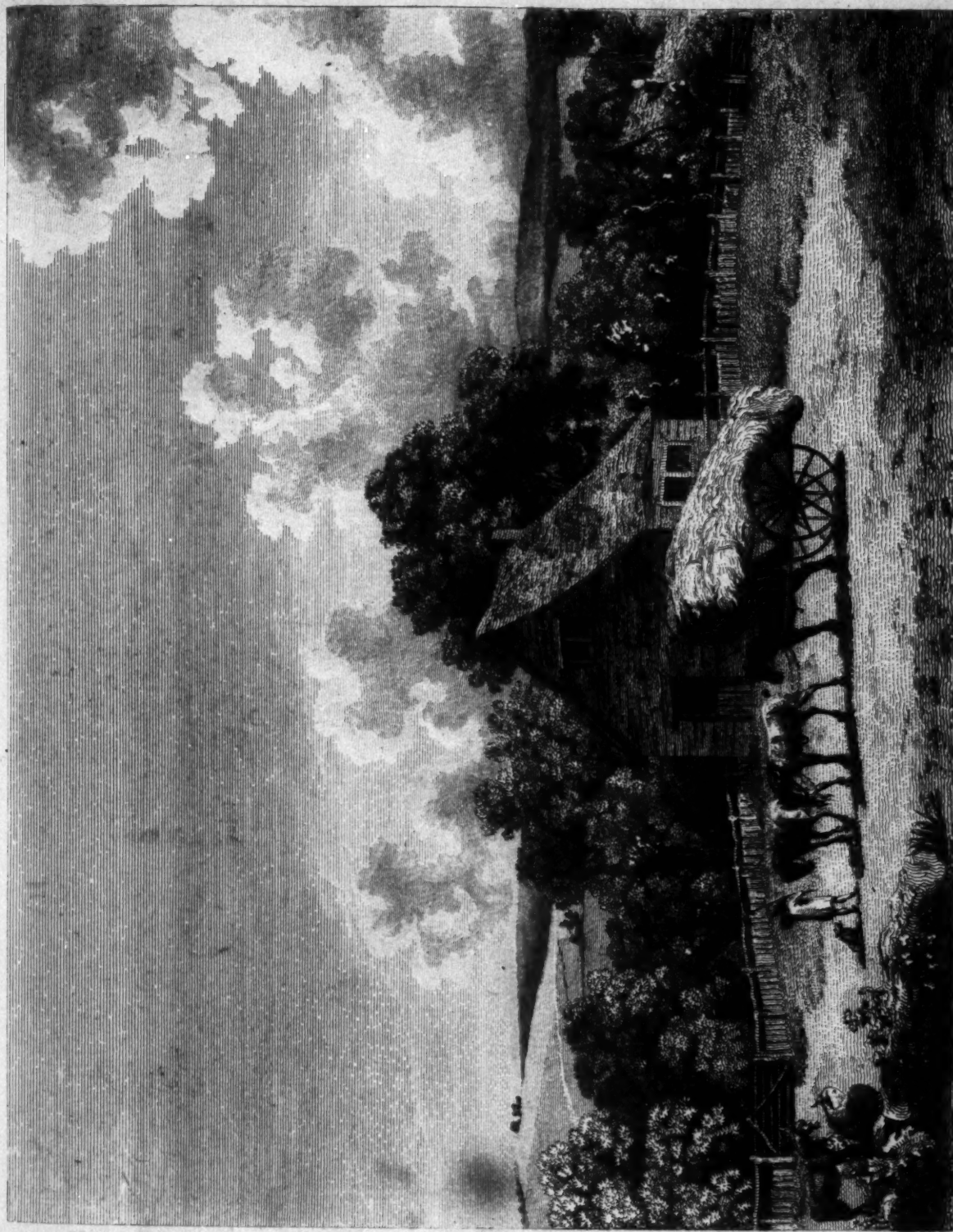


*The COTTAGE FIELD.*

*London, Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 1787 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Captle Street, Holborn.*







*The RURAL DWELLING.*

London Published by W. G. & Co. 178, St. Mark Lane, E.C. 3. 1847.



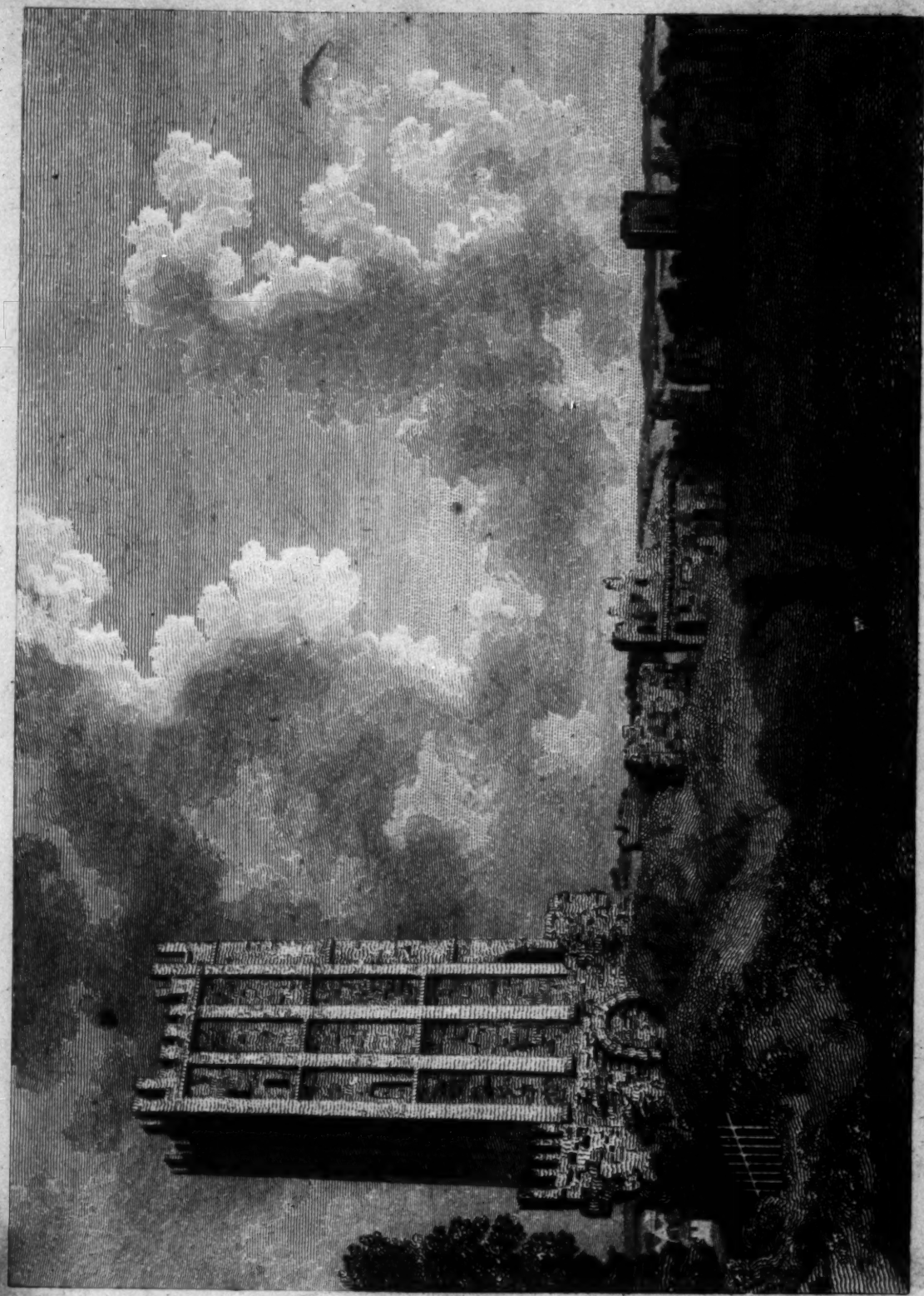




*VIEW of ST. TRENNIANS in YORKSHIRE the SEAT of JOHN BARTON, Esq.*

*London, Published July 1. 1807 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.*



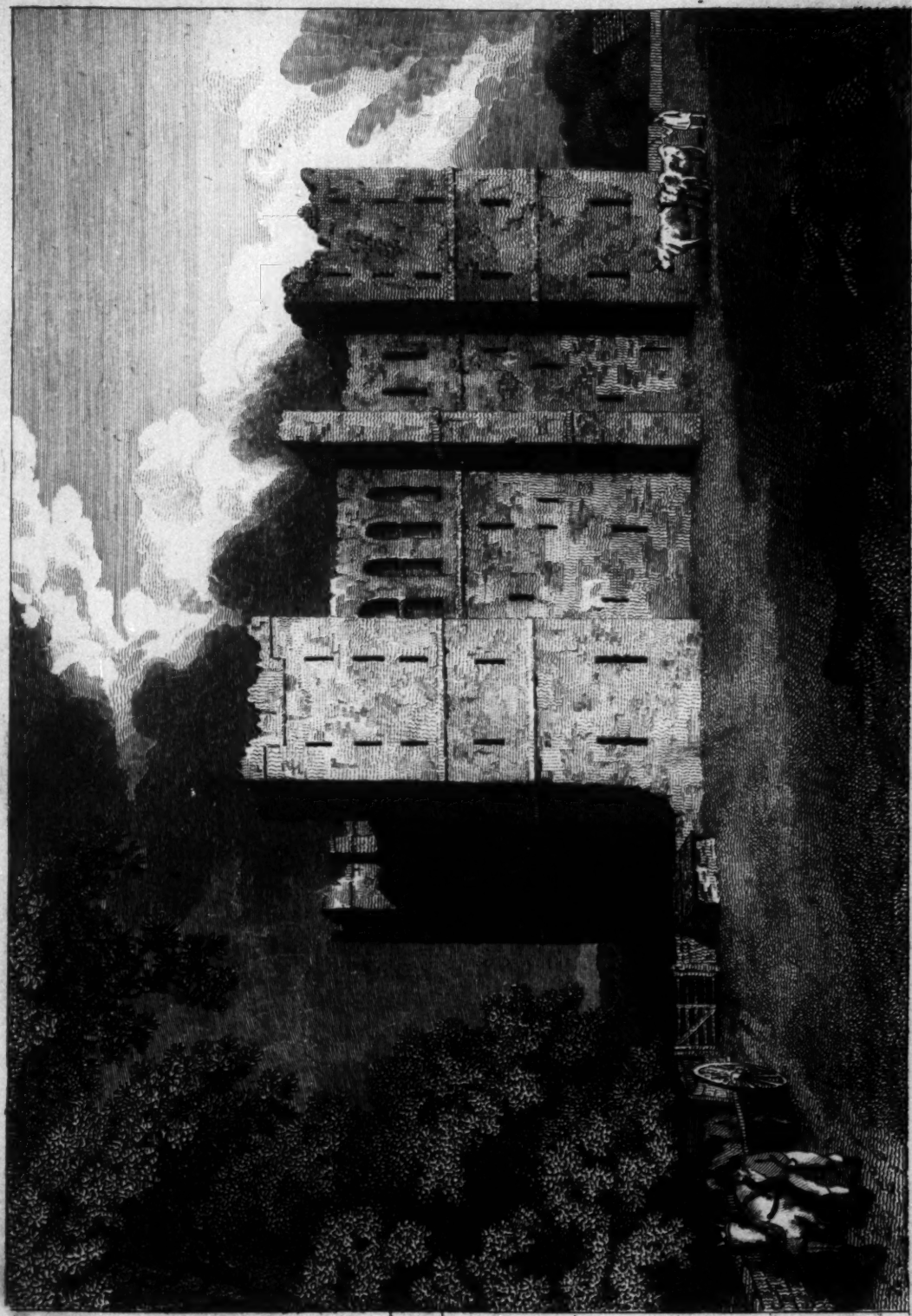


RUINS, RICHMOND CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

*London Published May 1. 1787 by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup> 10 near Castle Street Holborn.*





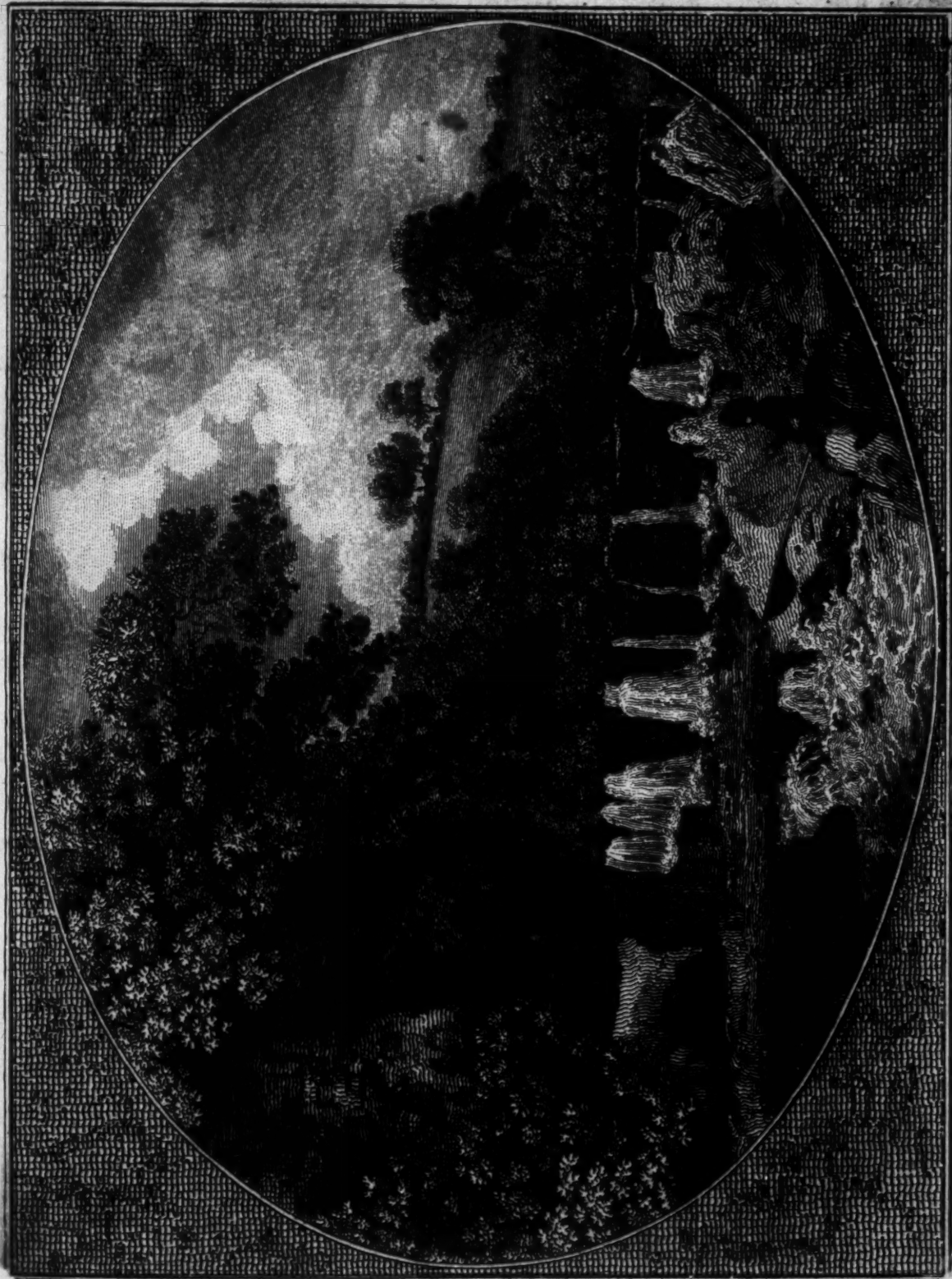


*RUINS, N<sup>o</sup>. II. BOLTON CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.*

*Engraved and Published Sep. 1. 1787, by C. Taylor N<sup>o</sup>. 20. near Gylde Street. Holborn.*



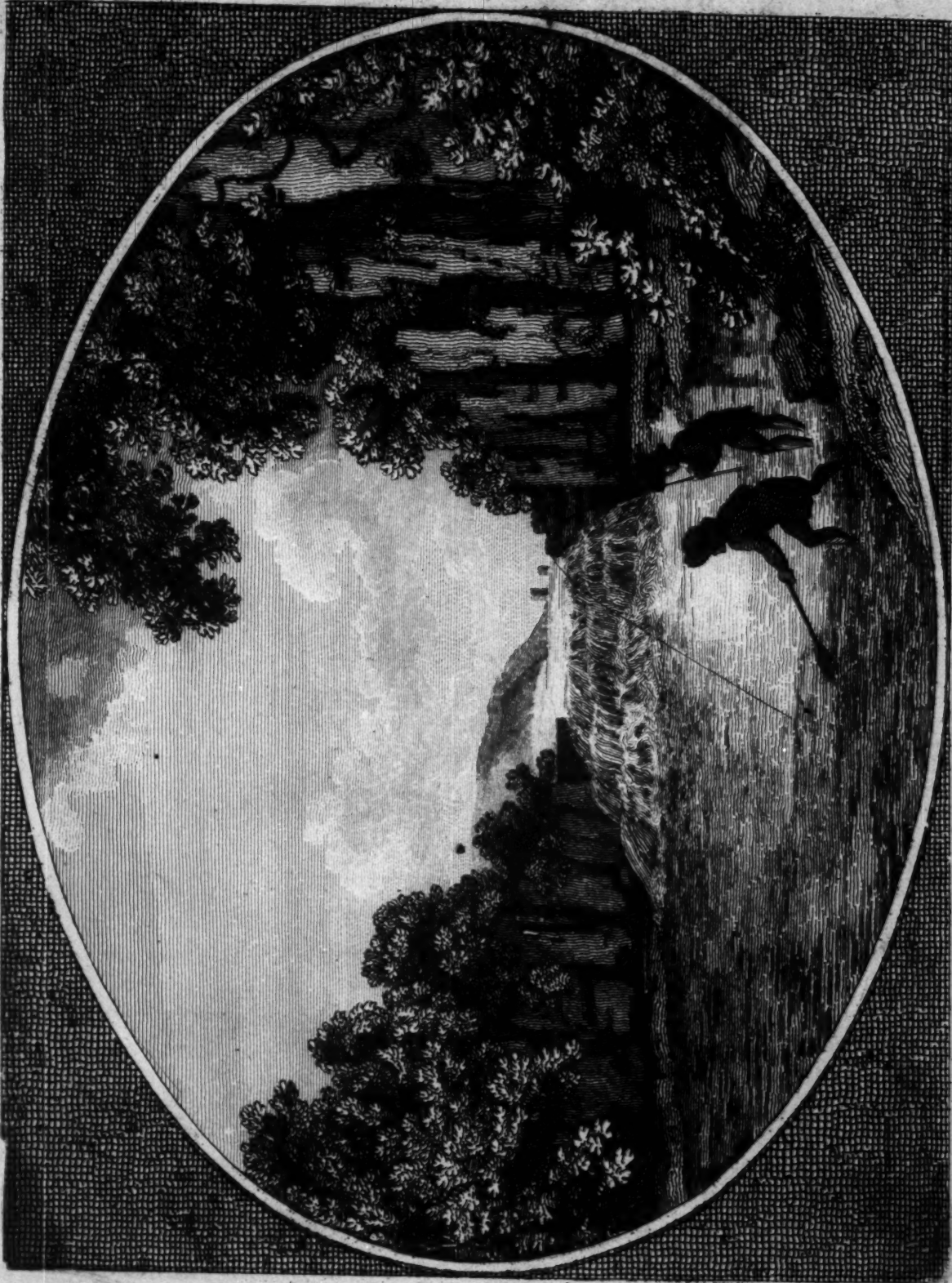




*VIEW of a WATERFALL, on the RIVER FURE in YORKSHIRE.*

*London, Published Oct. 7, 1787, by C. Taylor, No. 9 near Castle-Street, Holborn.*





VIEW of a *SECOND* WATERFALL on the RIVER EURE in *YORKSHIRE*.

*London Published Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> 1787 by C. Keyton, Wapman Coffee Street, Holborn.*



